

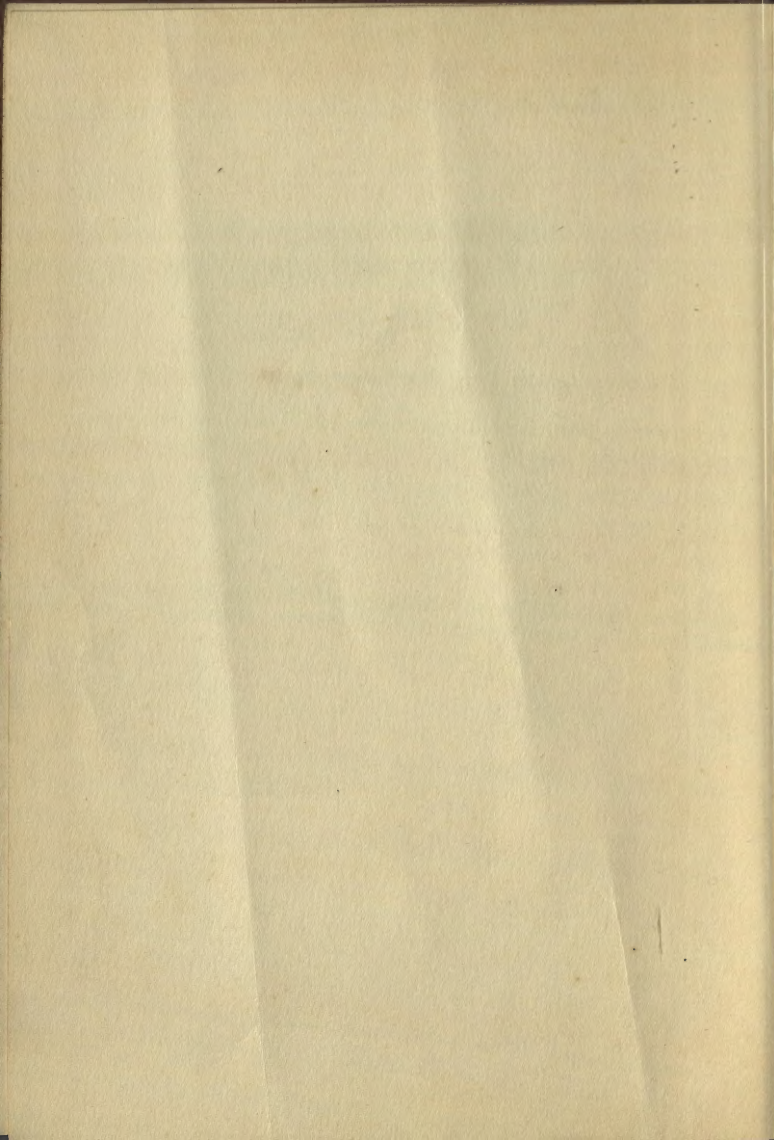
COMPLIMENTS

Wm. L. Marshall Mgr.

BAPTIST BOOK STORE

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Abiding Songs



A special collection of standard hymns and gospel songs, long-cherished and forever abiding. Designed to generate wholesome, worshipful services of song among all organizations of the church. Durably constructed for long-lasting usefulness and priced to meet the most exacting needs of our churches from the highest to the humblest.

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

For orchestration see orchestrated edition of
Songs of Faith—reasonably priced

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
of the
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Foreword

ABIDING SONGS is presented to the churches to meet a demand for a small song book that has the outside beauty and the inside quality of a great church hymnal. This book will adequately meet all the requirements of many churches, including the Sunday School and Baptist Training Union.

It is the purpose of the Sunday School Board to magnify the importance of worthy hymns, and to promote good singing in the churches. The revival, for which we are praying, will come with the power of the Holy Spirit and no doubt accompanied by great gospel music. "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing."

J. L. Holcomb

A Call to Worship

GEORGE F. ROOT

The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, The Lord is in His ho-ly
tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si-lence, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-
fore Him, Keep si-lence, keep si-lence be-fore Him. A-MEN.

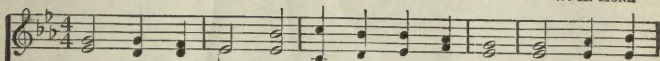
Abiding Songs

1

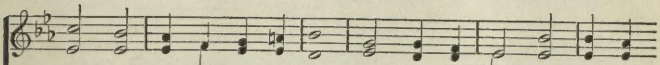
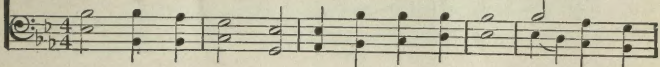
Abide With Me

H. F. LYTE

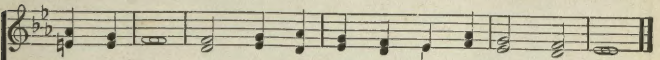
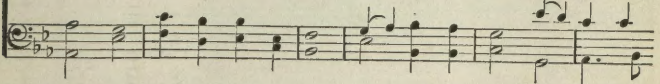
W. H. MONK



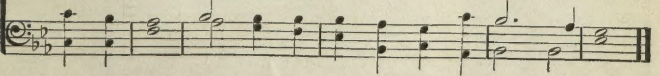
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain



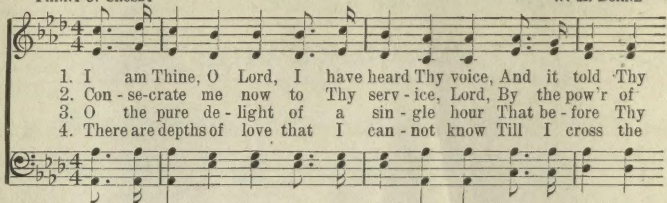
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
round I see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!



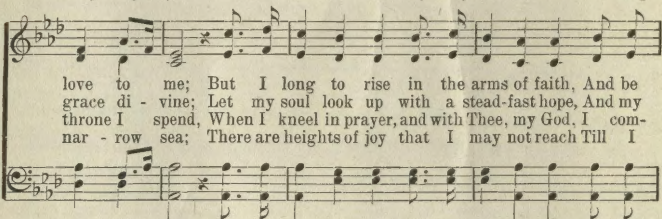
I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

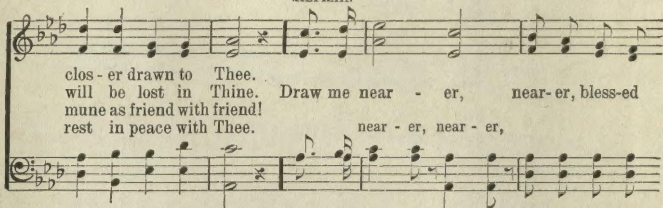


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

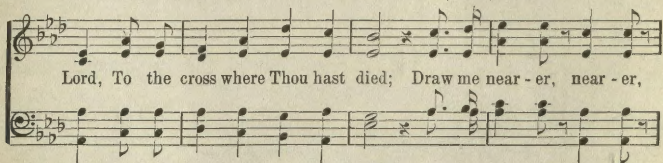


love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

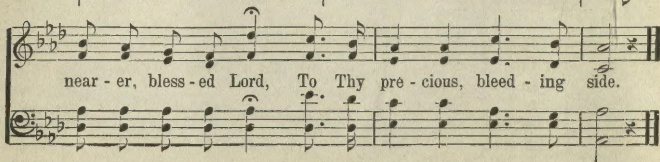
REFRAIN



clos-er drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,



Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,

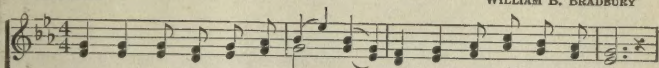


near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

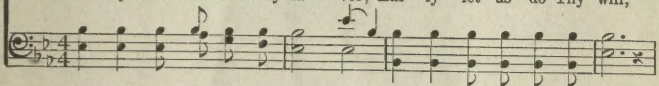
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Anonymous

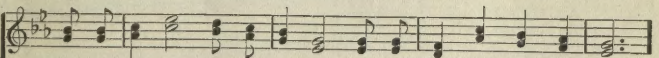
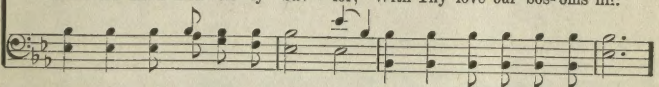
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



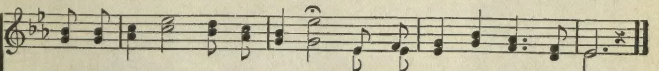
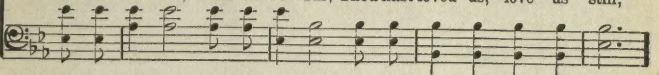
1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



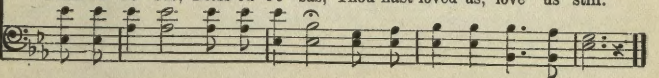
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



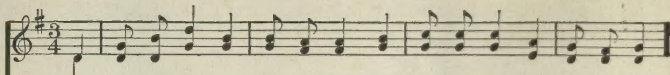
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.



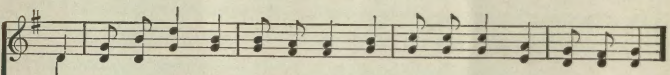
My Hope is Built

EDWARD MOTE

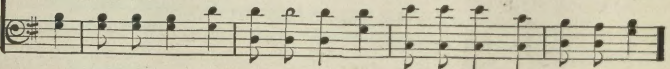
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



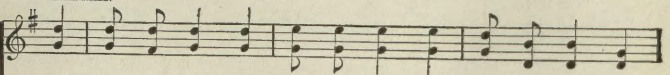
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



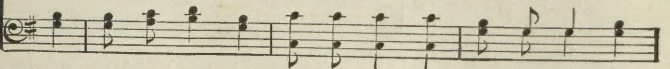
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



REFRAIN



On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



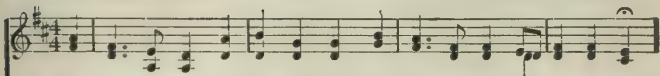
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.



He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD

1. I've found a friend who is all to me.... His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm.. Se-
 3. When poor and need-y and all a-lone,... In

love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll

lift-ed me... And what His grace can do for you...
 might-y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
 lead you home, To live with me e-ter-nal-ly..."

CHORUS.

Saved by His pow'r di-vine, Saved to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

rit.
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm Saved, saved, saved!

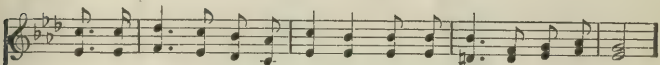
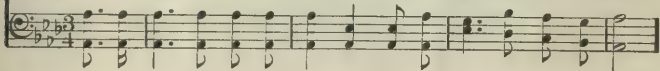
All the Way My Savior Leads Me

FANNY J. CROSBY

ROBERT LOWRY



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask, be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



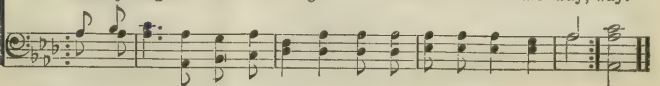
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



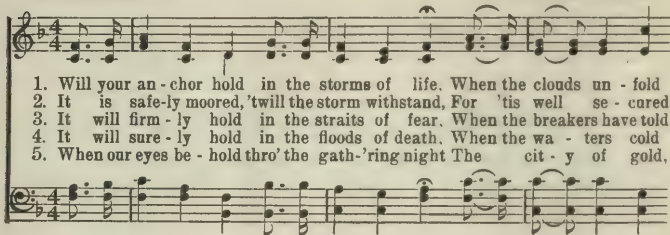
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.



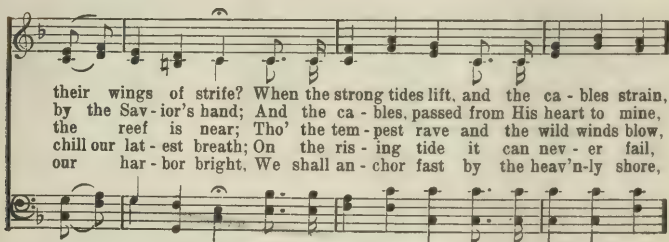
We Have An Anchor

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

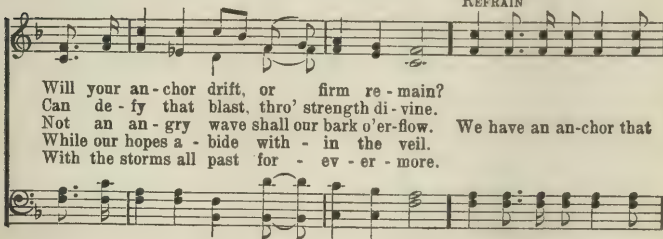


1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life. When the clouds un-fold
 2. It is safe-ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear. When the breakers have told
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death. When the wa-ters cold
 5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'-ring night The cit-y of gold.

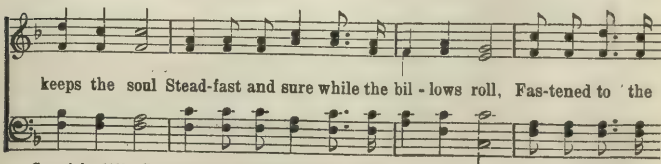


their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain,
 by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
 the reef is near; Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow,
 chill our lat-est breath; On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail,
 our har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,

REFRAIN



Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
 Can de-fy that blast, thro' strength di-vine.
 Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that
 While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
 With the storms all past for-ev-er-more.



keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fas-tened to 'the

We Have An Anchor

Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

9

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

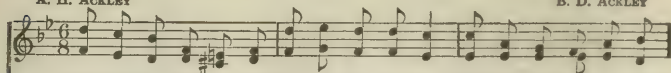
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

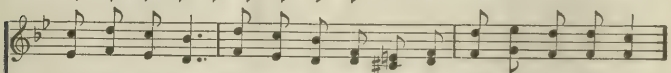
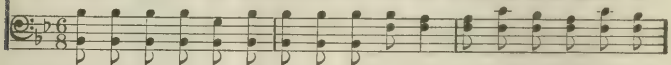
Pardoning Grace

A. H. ACKLEY

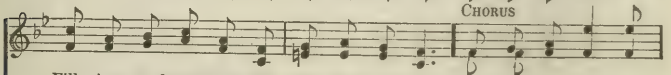
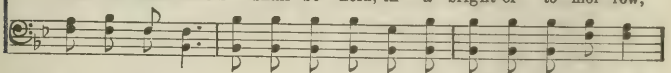
B. D. ACKLEY



1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful tho't! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je-sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me. Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to

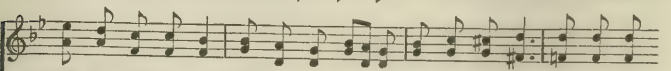
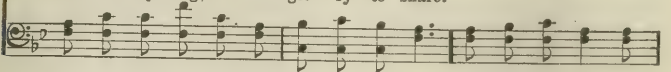


jew-els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa-vor,
 word is di-vine; I can re-joice, for His mer-cy is bring-ing
 won-der-ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,
 dwell with Him there I shall be-hold, in a bright-er to-mor-row,

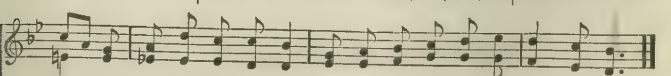
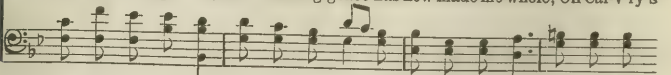


CHORUS

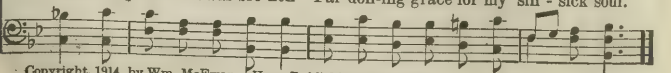
Fill-ing my heart with the spir-it of prayer.
 Life that is bless-ed and sweet in-to mine. Par-don-ing grace the
 Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
 Je-sus my King, all His glo-ry to share.



Mas-ter has spo-ken, Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Cal-v'ry's



brow His poor heart was bro-ken—Par-don-ing grace for my sin-sick soul.



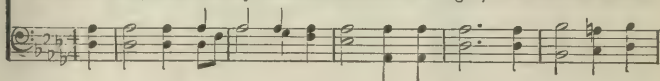
It Is Well With My Soul

H. G. SPAFFORD

P. P. BLISS



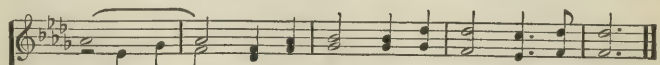
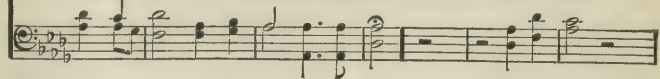
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



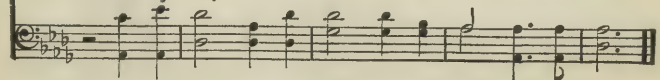
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
 nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.
 If the way of the cross I miss.
 Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.

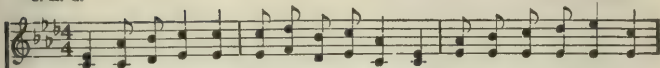
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
 leads home, leads home;

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

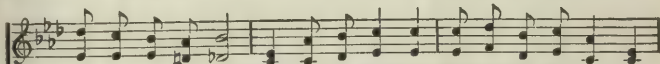
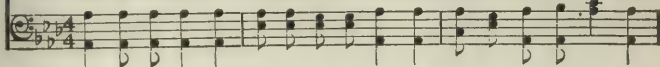
I Will Not Forget Thee

C. H. G.

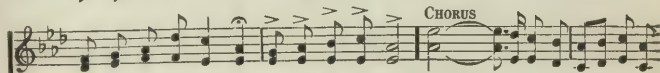
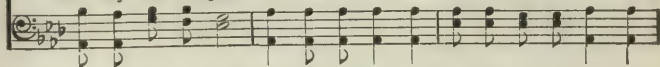
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not for-get thee," Noth-ing can mo-lest or
2. Trusting the promise—"I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

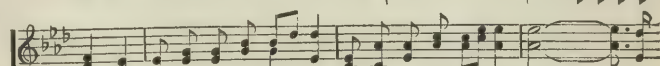
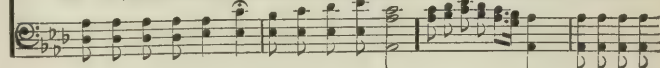


turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past. How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

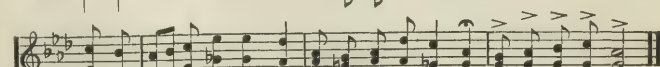
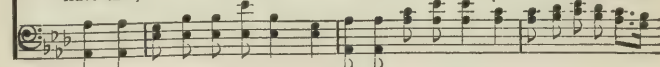


Just be-yond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I will not for-get thee or
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.

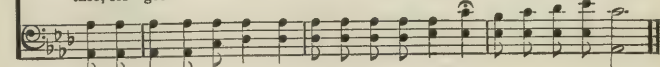
"En-ter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never

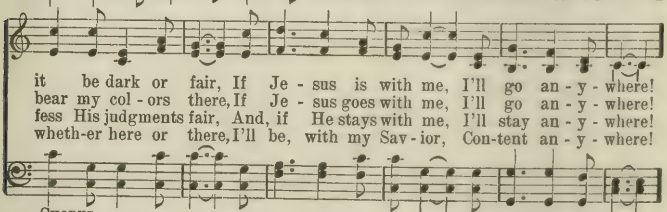
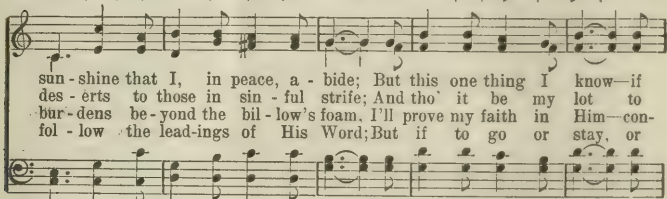
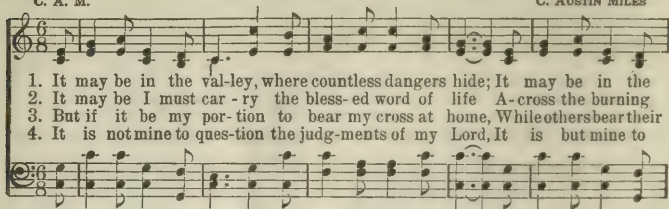


leave thee; In My hands I'll hold thee, in My arms I'll fold thee; I will
leave thee; I will not for-get

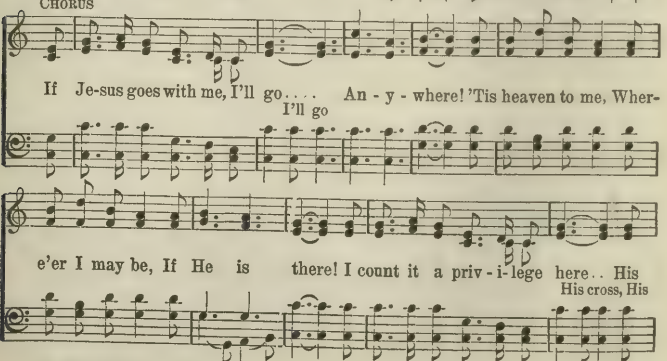


not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get





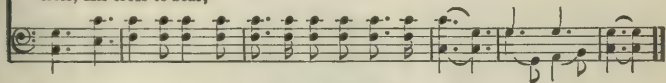
CHORUS



If Jesus Goes With Me



cross to bear;... If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;



15

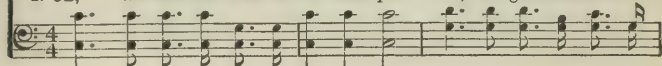
At Calvary

WM. R. NEWELL

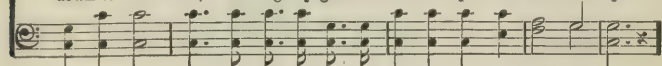
D. B. TOWNER



1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it



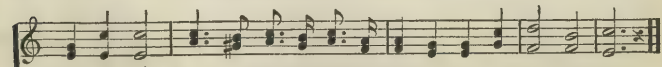
cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! Oh, the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!



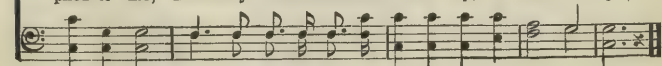
CHORUS



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -



plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.



ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness. A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess, —
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon - day heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

17

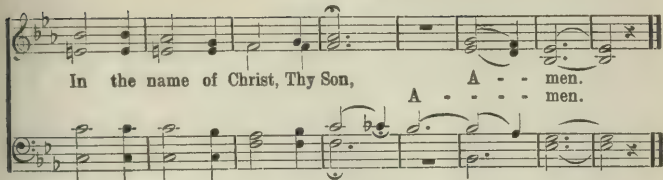
Response

Dedicated to First Baptist Church Choir, Okmulgee, Okla.

HARRY DIXON LOES

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear the prayer We have raised to Thee.

Response



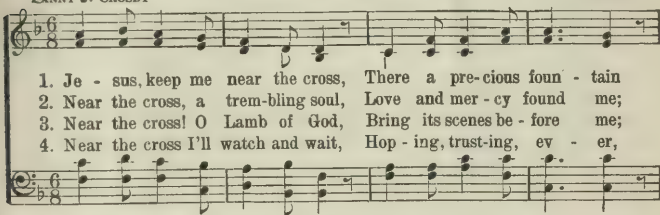
In the name of Christ, Thy Son, A - - men.
A - - men.

18

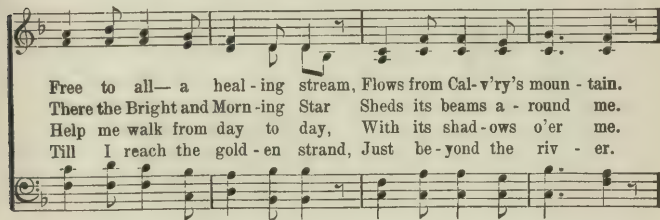
Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSEY

W. H. DOANE

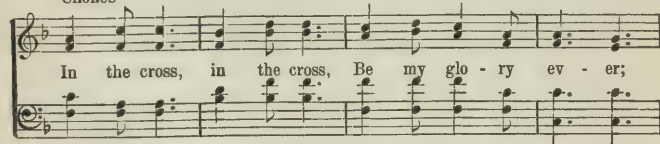


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,

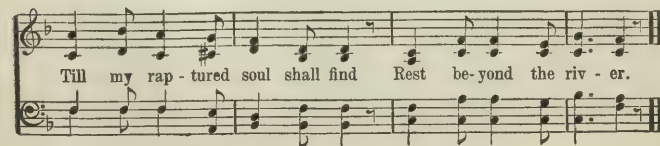


Free to all— a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

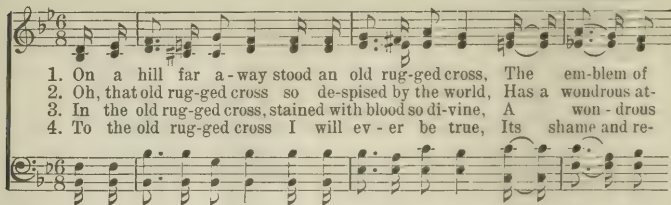
CHORUS



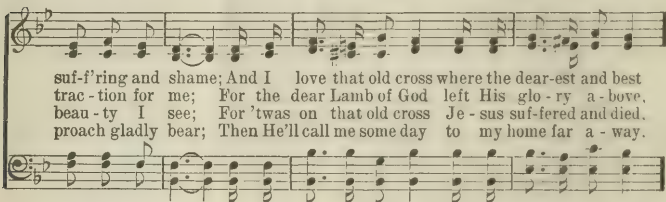
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

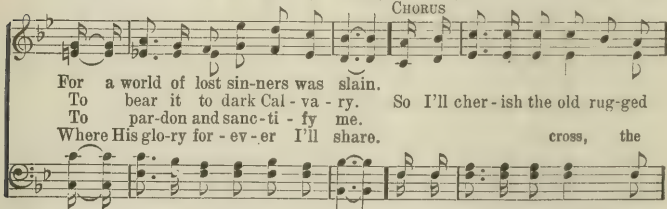


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

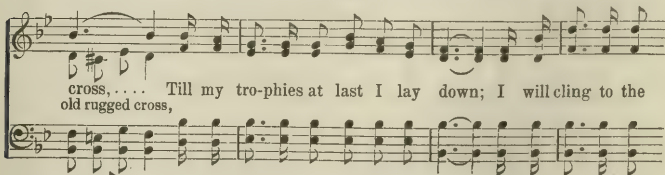


suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way.

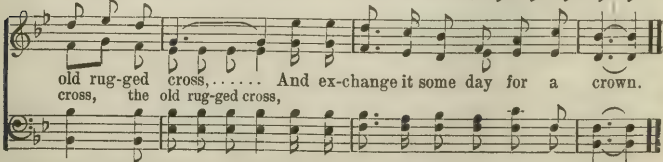
CHORUS



For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



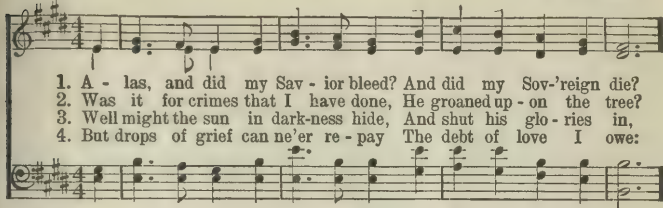
cross, . . . Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rugged cross,



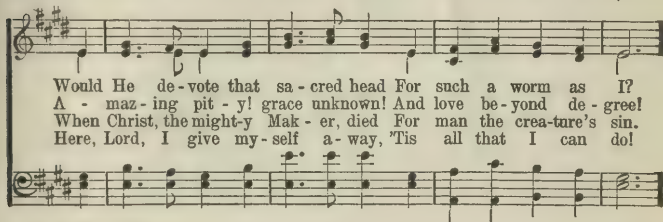
old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

ISAAC WATTS

R. E. HUDSON

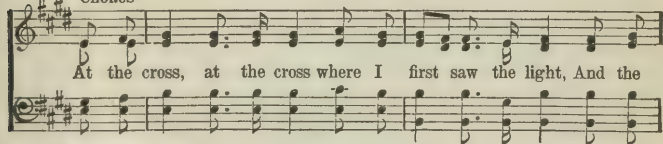


1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

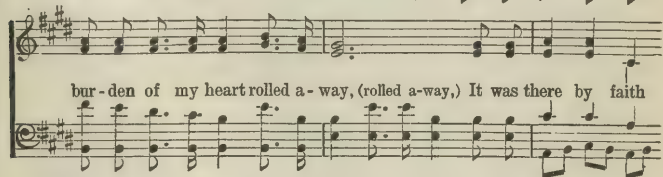


Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

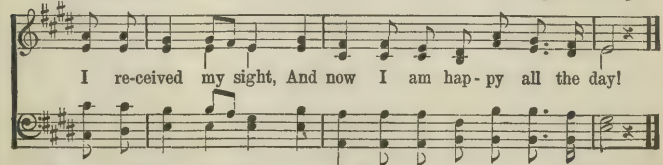
CHORUS



At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the



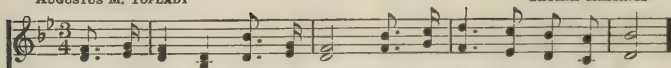
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled a-way,) It was there by faith



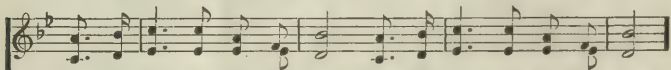
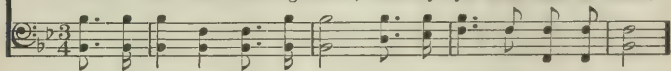
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

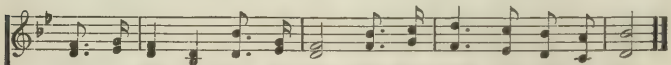
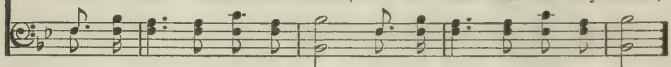
THOMAS HASTINGS



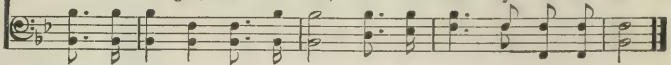
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Martyn tune

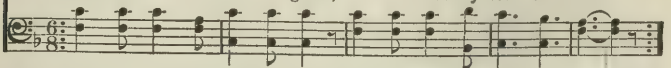
SIMEON B. MARSH

FINE.

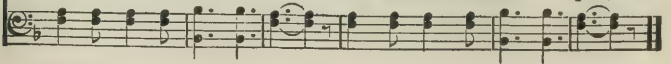


1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
- { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

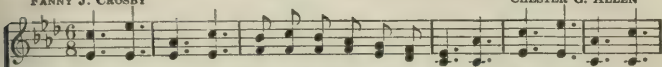


Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

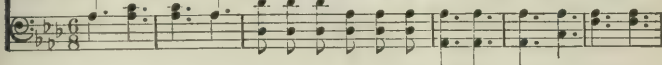


FANNY J. CROSBY

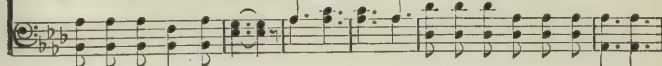
CHESTER G. ALLEN



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals



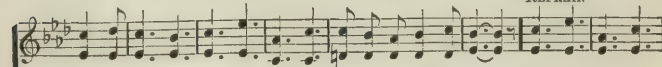
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er;



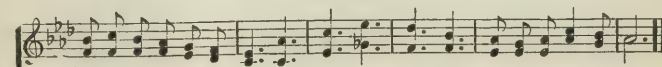
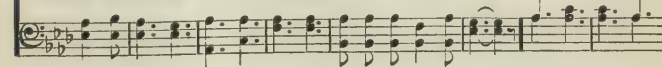
Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o - ver the



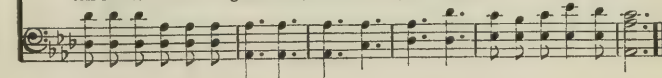
REFRAIN



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un - to the Lord be-long:



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

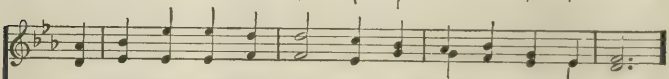


SAMUEL J. STONE

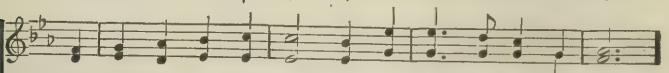
SAMUEL S. WESLEY



1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By Spir - it and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



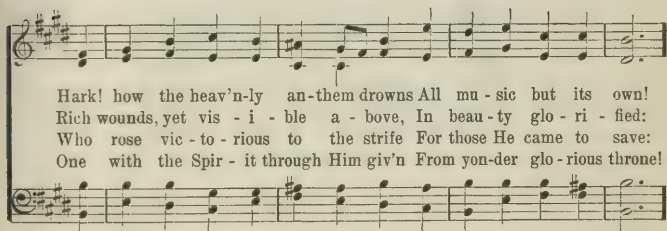
25 Crown Him With Many Crowns

MATTHEW BRIDGES

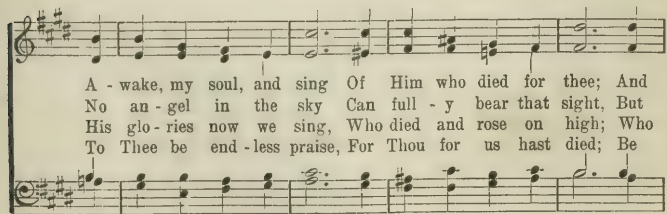
GEORGE J. ELVEY



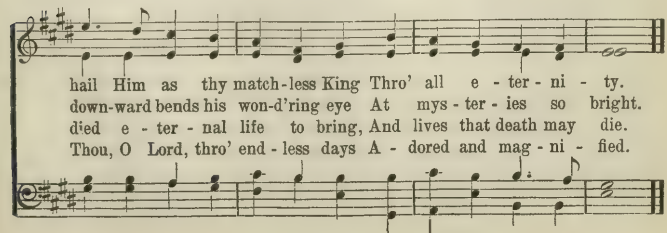
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave;
 4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
 One with the Spir - it through Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

P. P. BLISS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-ph'ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS

Sing, oh, sing . . . of my Re-deem-er,
 of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood . . . He pur-chased me, . . . With His blood He pur-chased me,
 He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

On the cross . . . He sealed my par-don,
 He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer

Musical score for 'My Redeemer' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Paid the debt, and made me free. and made me free, and made me free.'

27. Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER

W. H. DOANE

Musical score for 'Take the Name of Jesus With You' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe; 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare; 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,'

Musical score for 'Take the Name of Jesus With You' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go. If temp-tations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer. When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy! King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.'

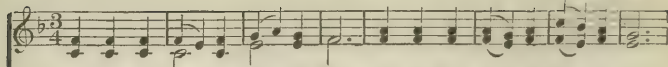
CHORUS

Musical score for 'Take the Name of Jesus With You' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet!'

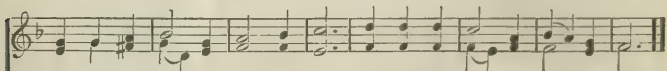
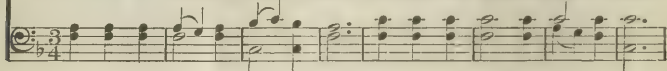
Musical score for 'Take the Name of Jesus With You' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Pre-cious name, O how sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!'

JOHN KERLE

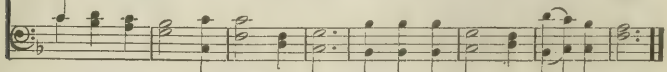
PETER RITTER



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't-how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heav'n a-bove.

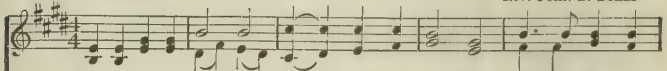


29

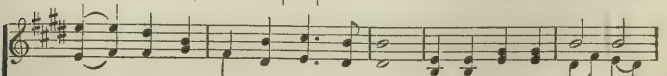
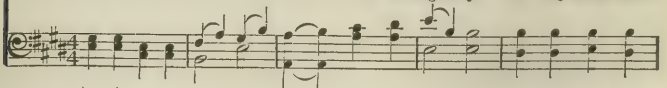
Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER

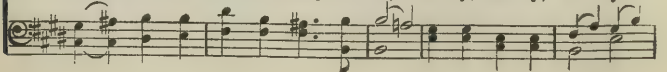
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES



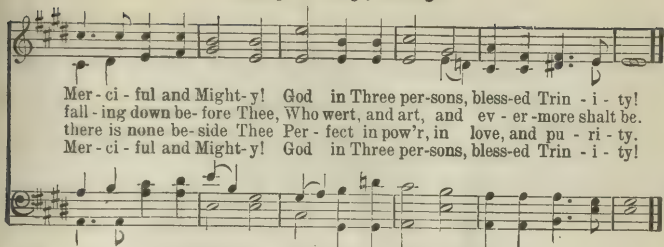
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!



Holy, Holy, Holy



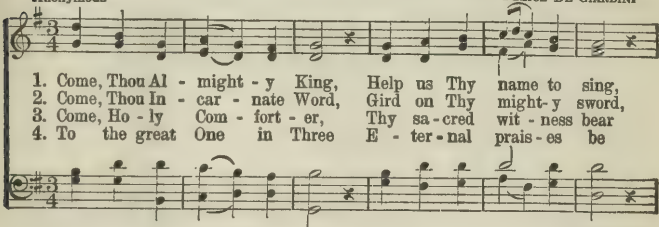
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

30

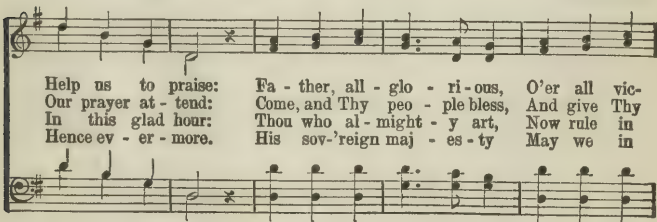
Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous

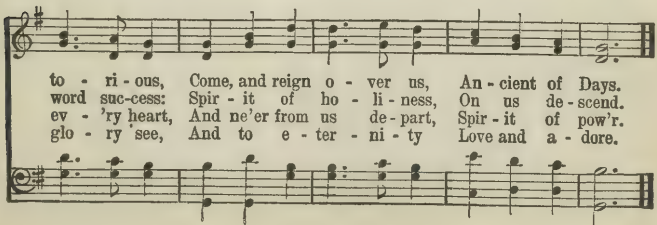
FELICE DE GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

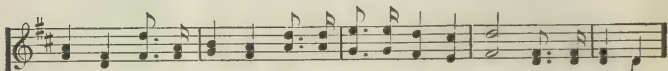
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

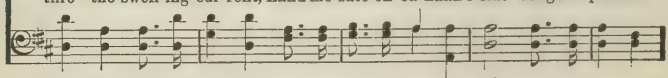
THOMAS HASTINGS



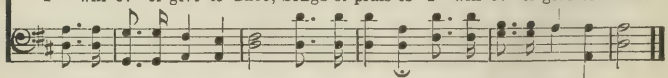
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing waters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me



weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en,
fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong De-liv'-rer,
thro' the swelling cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais-es



Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield; Strong De-liv'-rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.



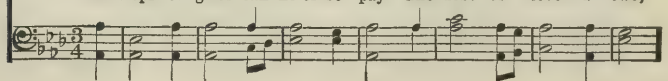
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS

HUGH WILSON



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do.

33

Stand Up for Jesus

G. DUFFIELD

G. J. WEBB

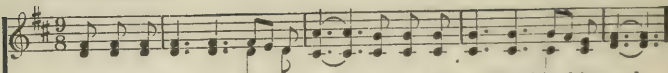
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of

roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con-flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,

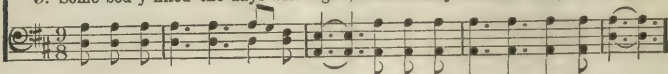
ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un-to prayer, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS

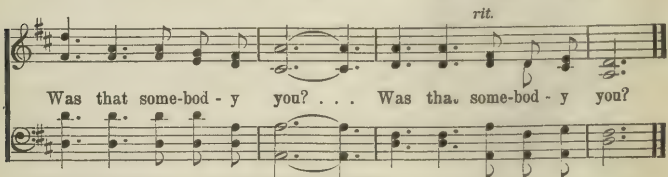
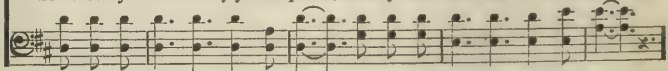
W. S. WEEDEN



1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours. Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;



Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
 Some-bod-y fought a val-i-ant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
 Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac-ri - ficed,—
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life will nev-er cease,—

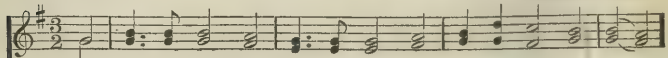


Was that some-bod - y you? . . . Was tha some-bod - y you?

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ISAAC WATTS

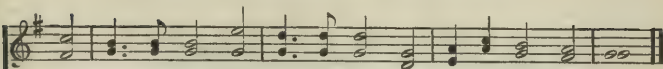
THOMAS A. ARNE



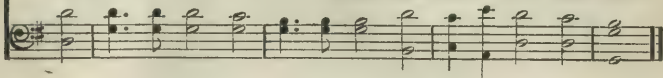
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour-age, Lord;



Am I a Soldier of the Cross?



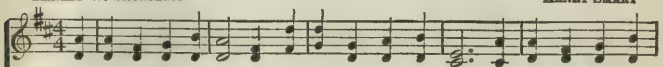
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.



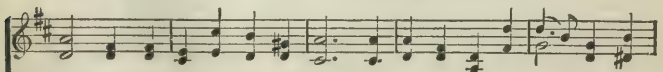
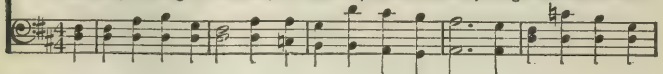
36 Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF

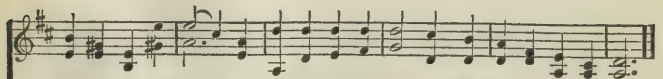
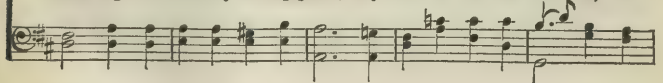
HENRY SMART



1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho - li - ness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears; For gladness breaks like



con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords loud clashing, Nor
morn - ing Where'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We



grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
roll of stir - ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
jour - ney in its light: The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.



In the Cross of Christ

Sir JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

Used by permission

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

CHORUS

D.S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

39

What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

May Jesus Christ Be Praised

From the German

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest . . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song . .

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Thro' all the a - ges on: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

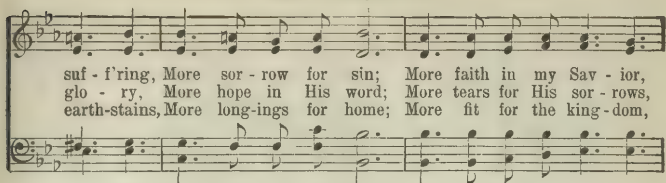
My Prayer

P. P. B.

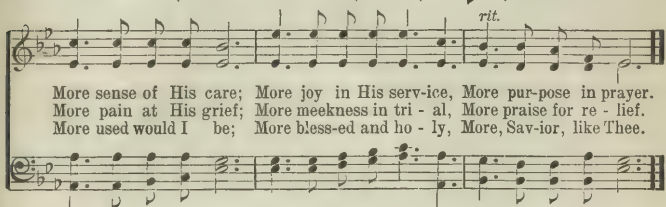
P. P. BLISS

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in; More pa - tience in
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More free - dom from

My Prayer



suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,



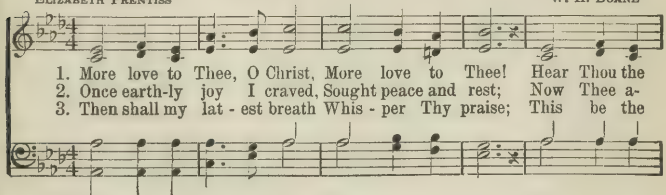
More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-ior, like Thee.

42

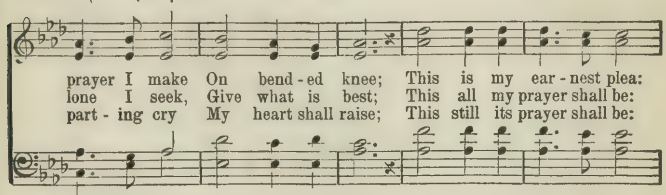
More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS

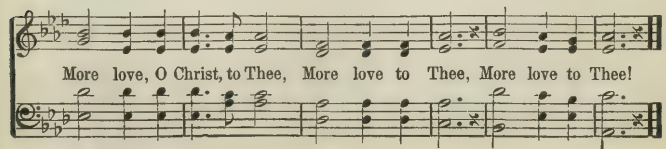
W. H. DOANE



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

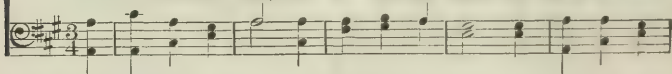
O Worship the King

Sir ROBERT GRANT

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN



1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove. And grate-ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace. Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail. In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An-cient of
 light, whose can-o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the



days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
 form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem-er, and Friend. A - MEN.



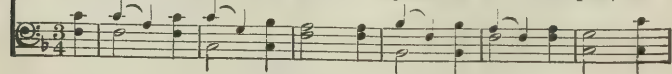
Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NARGELI



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But



Blest Be the Tie

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

45

Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

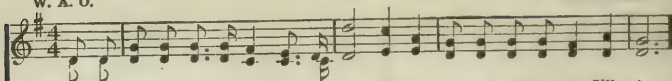
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
 sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,

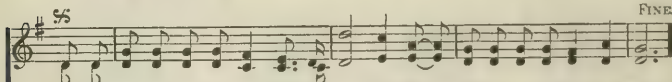
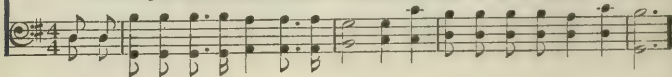
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN

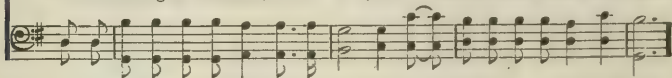


1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le - lu - jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:



FINE

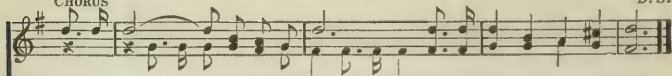
- 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le - lu - jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
 'Twas believ-ing on His name, Hal-le - lu - jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.



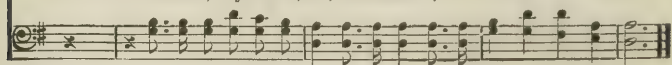
D.S.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le - lu - jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS

D. S.



- "Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"



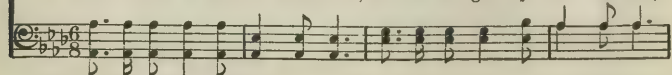
Copyright, 1915, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner

E. E. HEWITT

JNO. R. SWENEY



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



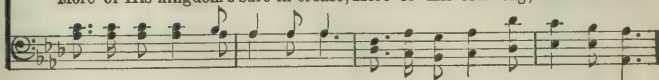
Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. L. E. Sweney. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner

More About Jesus



FINE

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.



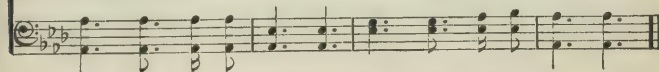
D.S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN

D. S.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



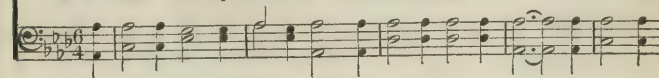
48 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT

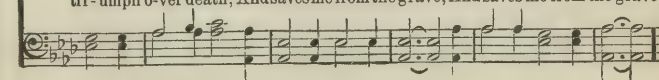
THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



THOMAS KELLY

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS



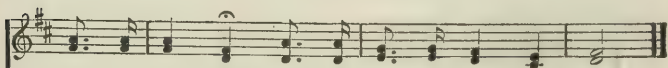
1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed—Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
2. Ev-'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove;
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,



All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine:
 Moth-ers cease their own to cher-ish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move;
 But can nev-er cease to love thee: Thou art pre-cious in His sight:



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 God is with thee,— God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;

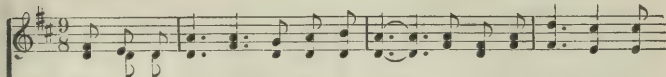


Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
 But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee,— God, thine ev - er - last - ing light.

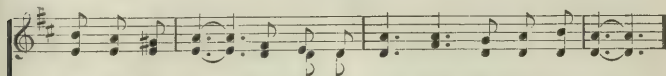
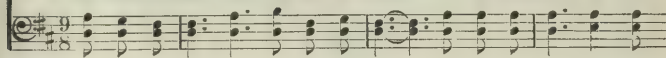


FANNY J. CROSBY

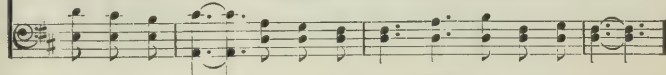
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP



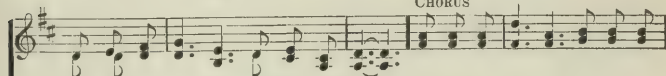
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



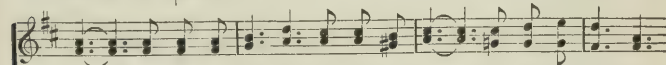
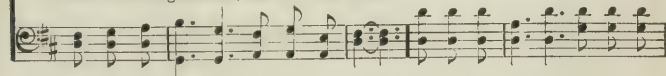
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



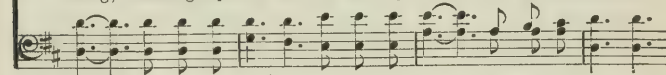
CHORUS



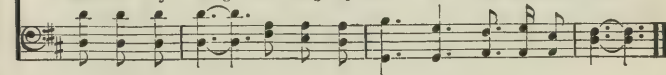
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



S. F. BENNETT

J. P. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,

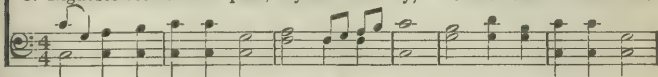
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,

S. C. KIRK

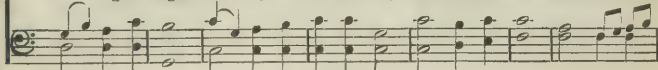
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

With dignity

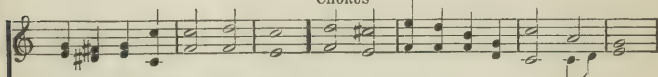
1. Hear ye the Mas-ter's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Win-ning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on a - pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face



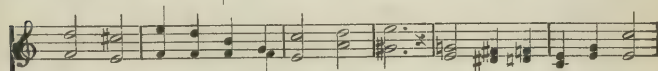
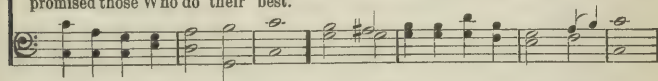
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re - ward. Not for the
Brings its de-light! Aid - ing the good and true Ne'er goes un-blest, All that we
Test - ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has



CHORUS



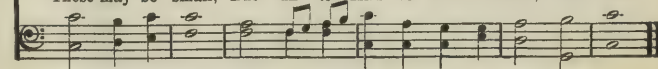
praise of man, But for the Lord.
think or do, Be it the best. Ev - 'ry work for Je - sus will be blest,
promised those Who do their best.



But He asks from ev - 'ry-one his best. Our tal - ents may be few,



These may be small, But un - to Him is due Our best, our all.



The King's Business

DR. E. T. CASSEL

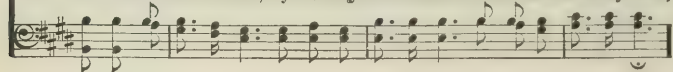
FLORA H. CASSEL



1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command; that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy

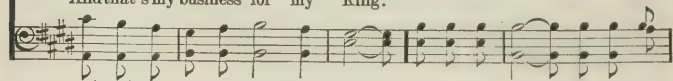


up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
 from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
 thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

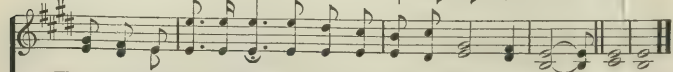


CHORUS.

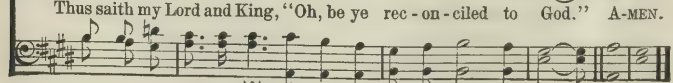
I'm here on business for my King.
 And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
 And that's my business for my King.



bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"



Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

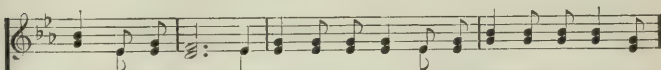


Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE

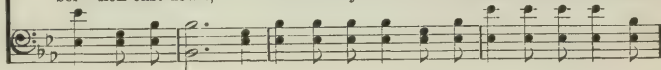
R. M. MCINTOSH



1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing, To con-quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-



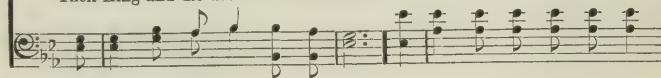
thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion



CHORUS



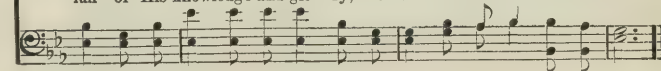
Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king-dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!



tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be! The earth shall be



full of His knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.



Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

rit.

CHORUS

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee— Well done? O can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

Make Me a Channel of Blessing

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
 4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
 free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS

read-y His serv-ice to do?
 Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in sin?
 those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are sligh-ting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tem-pter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS

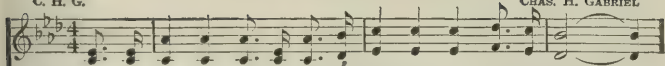
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
 Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

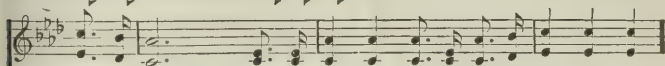
Send the Light

C. H. G.

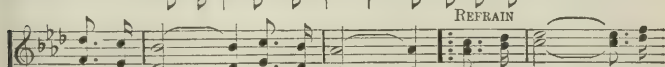
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
 2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'-ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
 Send the light!




Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!

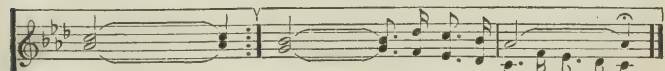


REFRAIN

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!



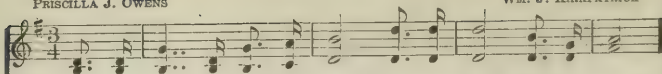
1
 bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine . . . from shore to
 the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine



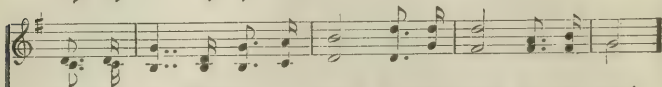
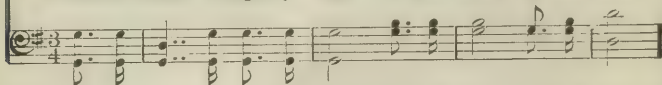
shore! . . . shine . . . for-ev-er-more. . .
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

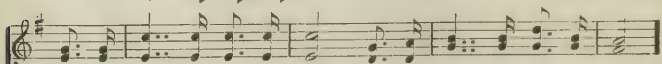
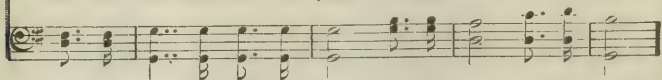
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



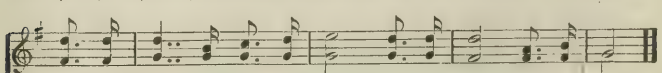
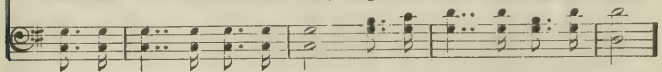
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



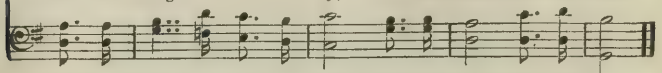
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end - less life. Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice. — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward! — 'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



60 Throw Out the Life-Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger - fraught men, Sink - ing in an - guish where
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh, who then will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day - And
 you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth - er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS

throw out the Life - Line, his per - il to share?
 out with the Life - Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life - Line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 throw out the Life - Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

HENRY F. LYTE

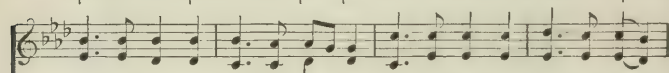
From MOZART.



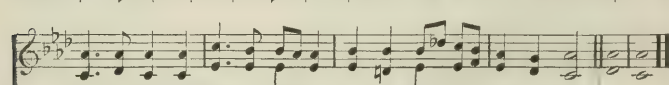
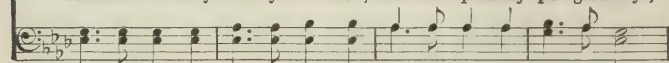
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



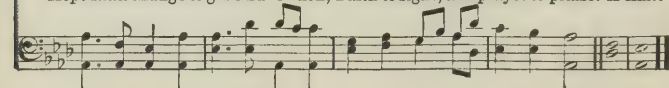
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
 Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



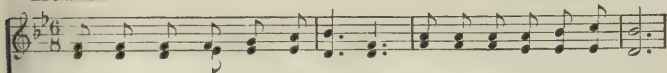
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.



There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN

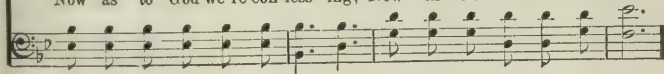
JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



CHORUS



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
 Show - ers, show-ers of bless-ing,



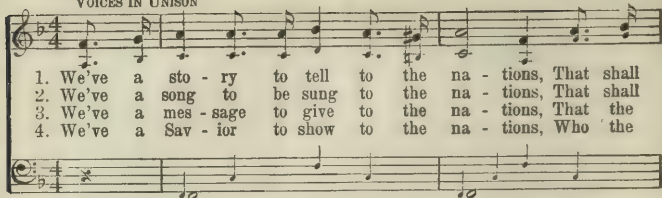
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



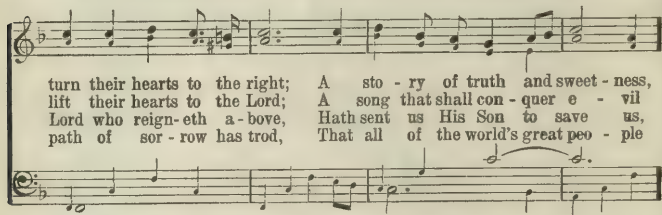
COLIN STERNE

H. E. NICHOL

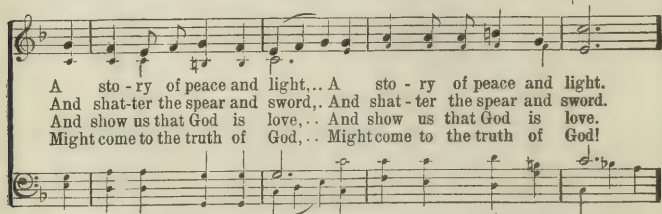
VOICES IN UNISON



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the

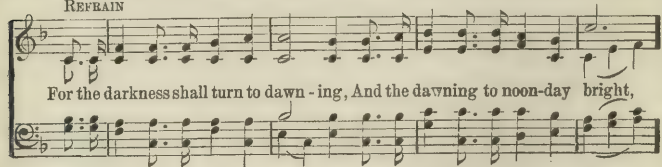


turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
 lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil
 Lord who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
 path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

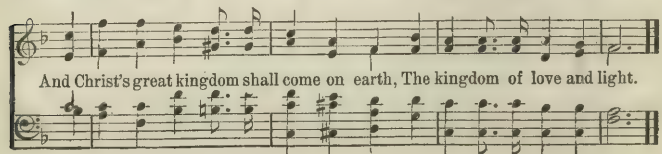


A sto - ry of peace and light... A sto - ry of peace and light.
 And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN



For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,

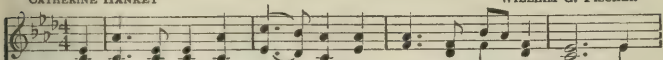


And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

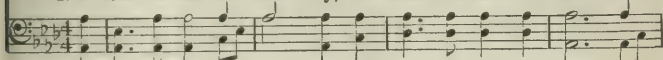
I Love to Tell the Story

CATHERINE HANKEY


WILLIAM G. FISCHER



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

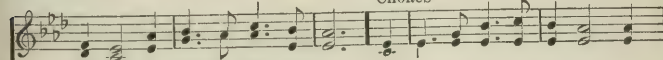


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in




tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS



longings As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



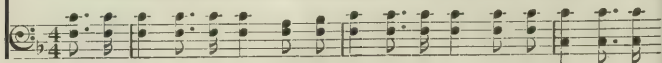
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

FANNY J. CROSBY

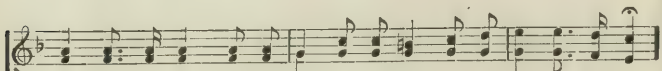
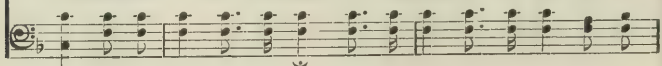
W. H. DOANE



1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all; For the king-dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a



path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
 life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
 crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faith-ful our



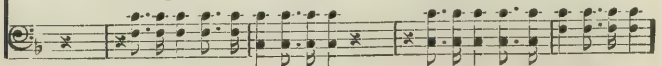
strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo-ry shall be. While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 alt-ed shall be. In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 dwell-ing shall be. And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va-tion is free!"



CHORUS



Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;
 Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;



To the Work

Let us hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
And trust, and pray,

66 Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

C. C. LUTHER

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. O ye saints, a-rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS

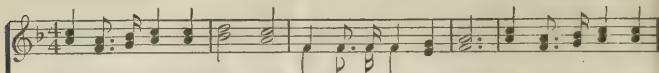
"Must I go, and emp - ty-hand-ed?" Must I meet my Sav - ior so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty-hand - ed go?

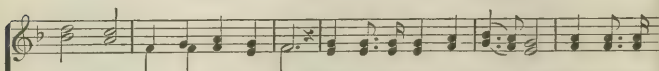
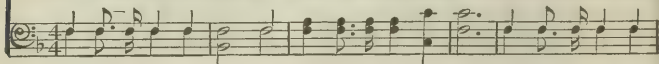
Work, For the Night is Coming

ANNIE L. COGHILL

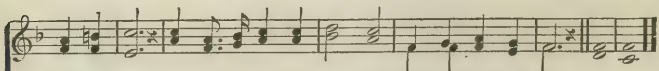
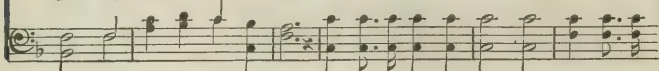
LOWELL MASON



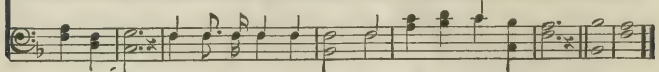
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to



glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.



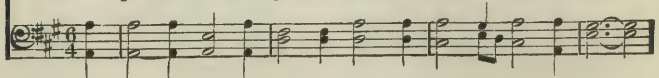
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD

GEO. N. ALLEN



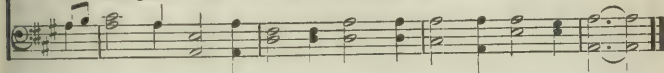
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?



No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

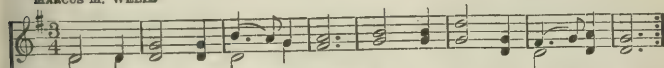


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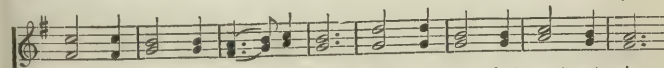
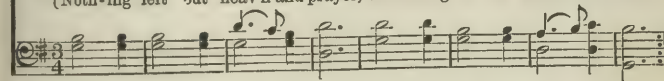
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

MARCUS M. WELLS

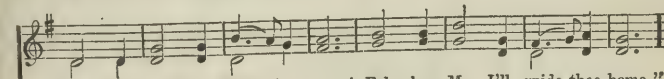
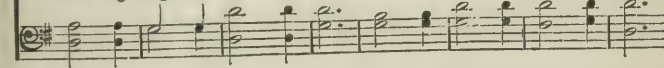
MARCUS M. WELLS



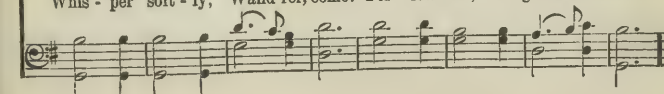
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there; }



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

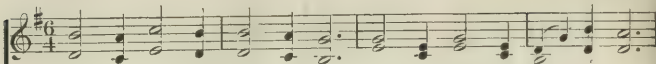


Whis - p'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."



E. PAGE

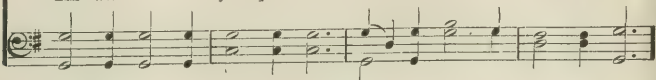
IRA D. SANKEY



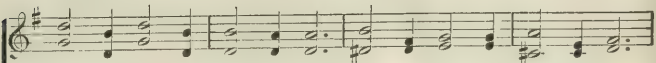
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;



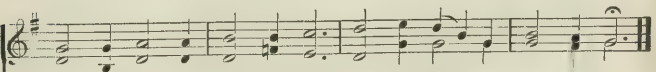
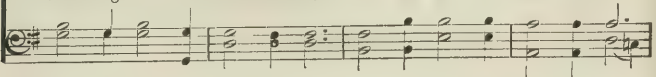
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



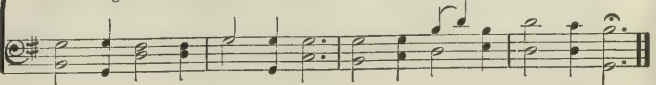
CHORUS



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



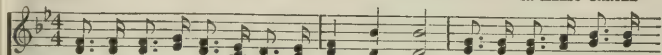
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



Standing On the Promises

R. K. C.

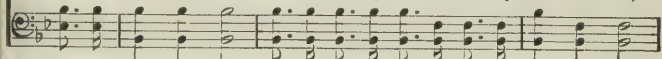
R. KELSO CARTER



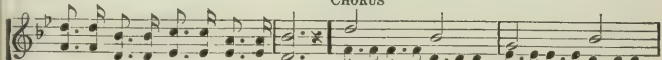
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a- ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment



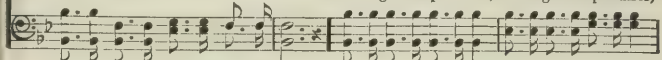
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



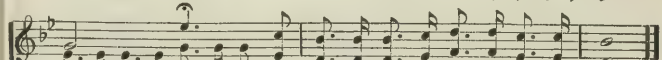
CHORUS



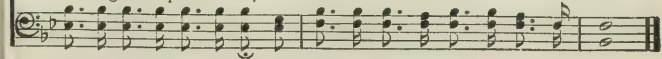
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing. stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es,

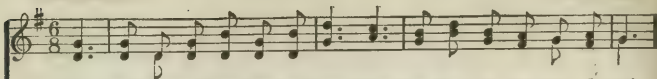


stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

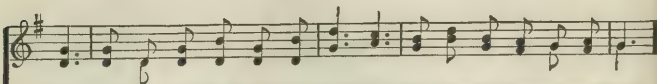
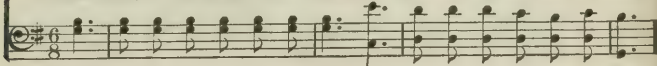


JOHN NEWTON

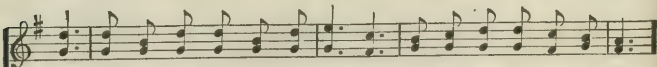
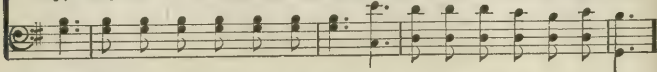
LEWIS EDSON



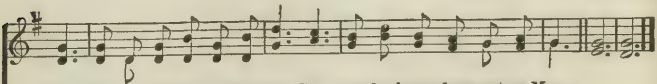
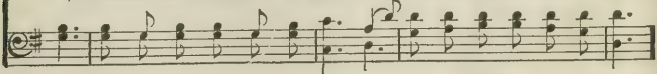
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
 His pres-ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re-joice:
 No chang-es of sea - son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?



The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear;
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re - store;



But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

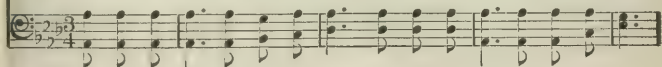


JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



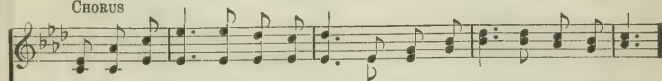
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



CHORUS



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land,



A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

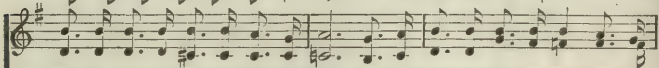


C. ALBERT TINDLEY

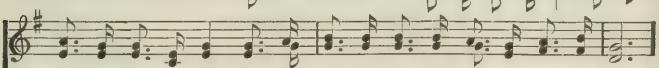
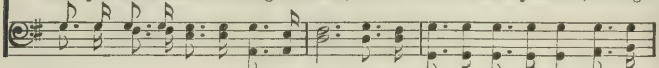
Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.

Moderato

1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil-ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en-e-mies as-sail and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on, And your



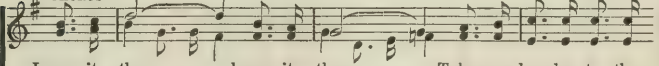
have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heav-en answers prayer; He will make a way for you and will
bod-y bends beneath the weight of care; He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go



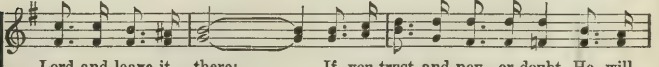
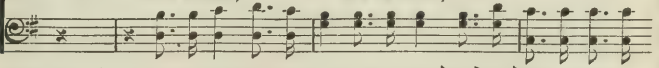
feeds the lit-tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe-ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.



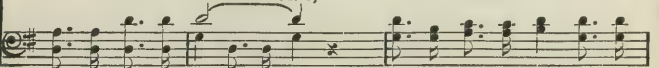
CHORUS



Leave it there, . . . leave it there, . . . Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there, leave it there,



Lord and leave it there; . . . If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
leave it there;



Leave It There

sure-ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. . . . leave it there.

75

Nothing But the Blood

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

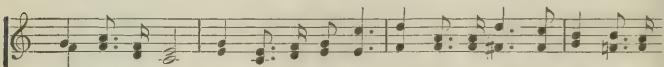
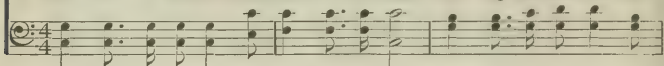
REFRAIN

Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

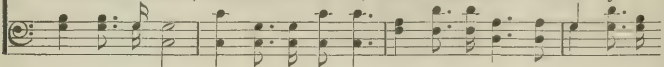
No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.



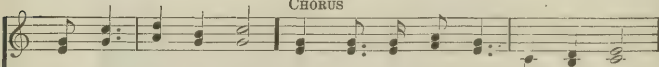
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my foot-steps from
3. Tears un-a-vailing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-ior to



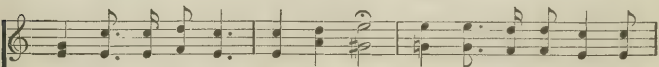
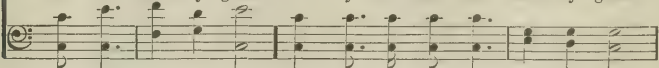
I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm on-ly a
 God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fearing God's face; But now I'm a
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on-ly a



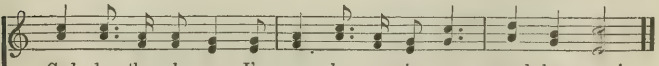
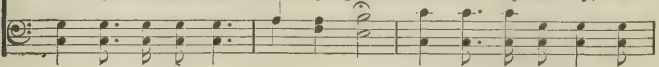
CHORUS



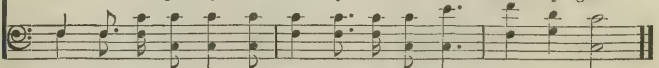
sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

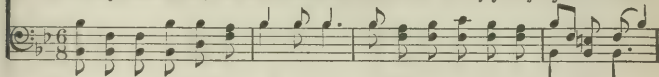


God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

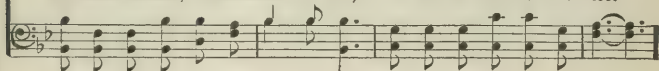




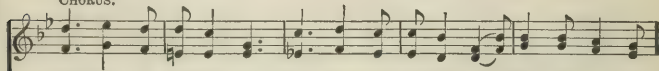
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bridesaying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



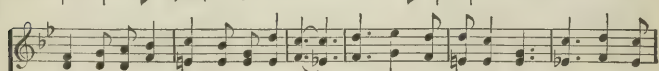
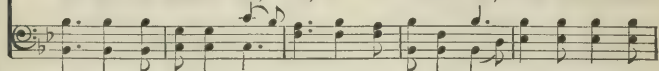
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



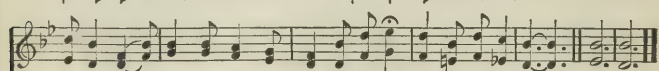
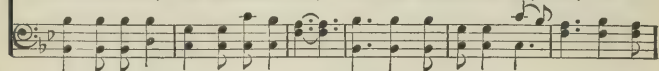
CHORUS.



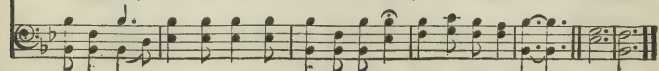
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.



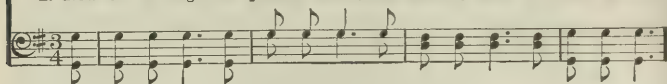
He Lifted Me

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

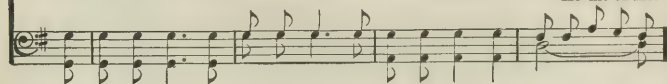
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. He lift-ed me.



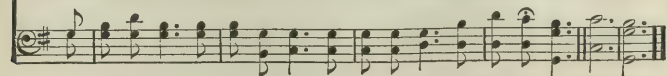
CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY

W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That won - der -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le,
 glo - ry is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:

CHORUS

And help - less and de - filed.
 Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
 A com - fort - er to me.
 "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

The Banner of the Cross

D. W. WHITTLE

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood. Let the stand - ard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell. Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is has - t'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on,
 And the cross the world shall sway!

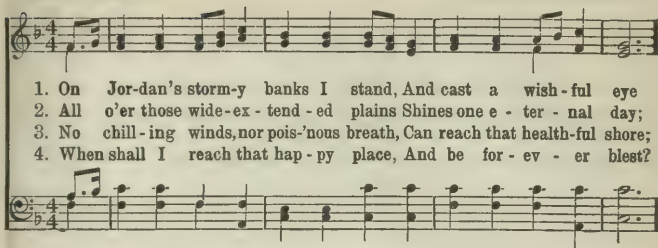
on, . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! . . . And to
 on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!
 we'll Be - neath

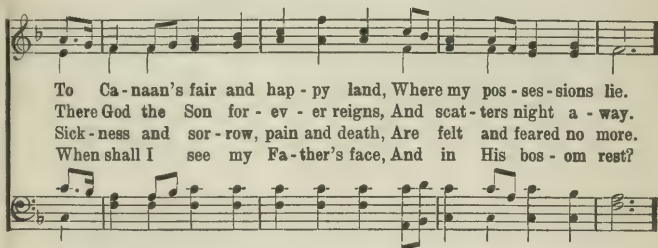
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

SAMUEL STENNETT

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH

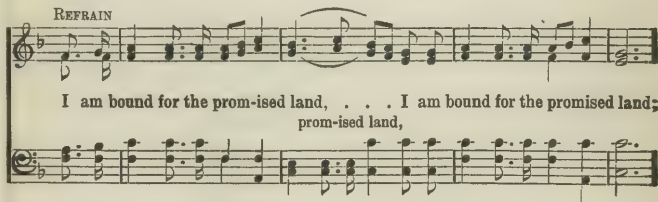


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

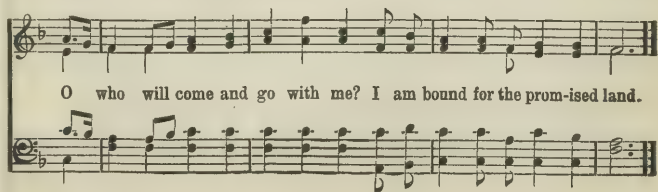


To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

REFRAIN



I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
 prom-ised land,

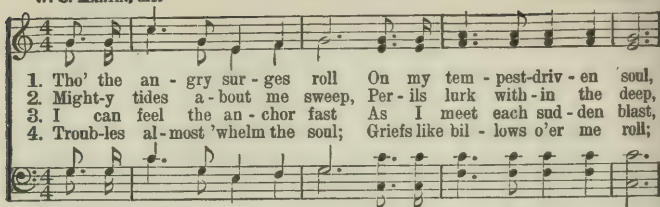


O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

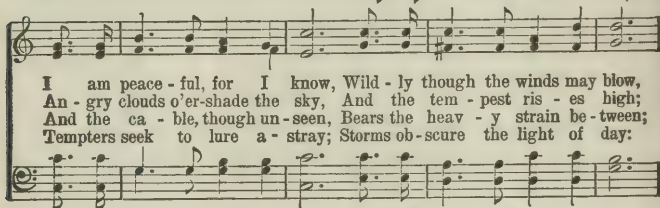
My Anchor Holds

W. C. MARTIN, SUP.

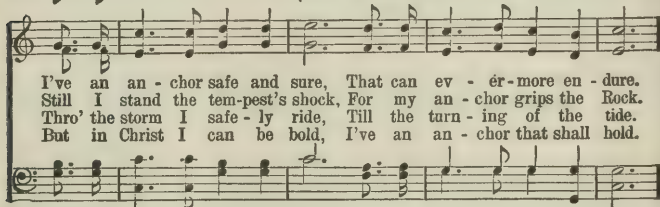
D. B. TOWNER



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en 'soul,
 2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with-in the deep,
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
 4. Troub - les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

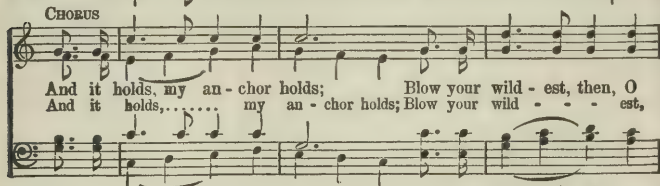


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

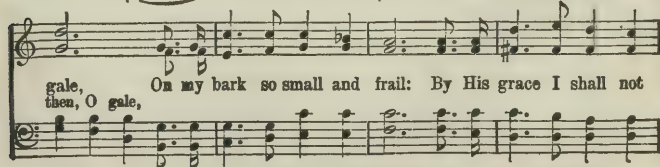


I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - ér-more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
 Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

83

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

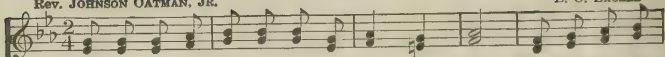
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

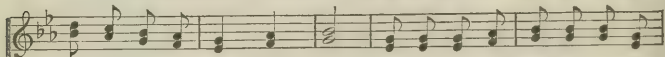
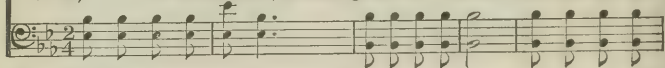
Count Your Blessings

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

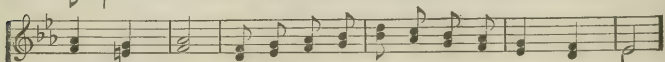
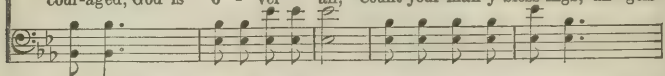
E. O. EXCELL



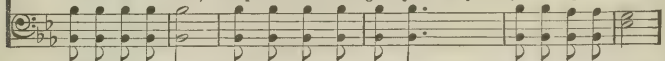
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



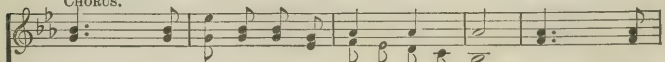
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



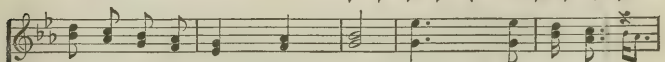
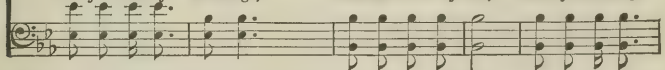
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



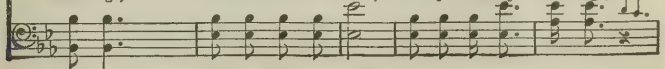
CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,



Count Your Blessings

rit. *a tempo*

Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

85 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

LOUISA M. R. STEAD

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O howsweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tissweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thussaith the Lord."
 Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
 Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

p
 Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

S. D. PHELPS

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de -
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed

fill its vow, Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
 love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Some - thing for Thee.
 kind - ness done, Some wan - d'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
 soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

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Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

ANDREW REED

L. M. GOTTSCHALK
Arr. by H. P. MAIN

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion e'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.

88

I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS

Rev. ROBERT LOWEY

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

DR. E. T. CASSEL

FLORA H. CASSEL

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

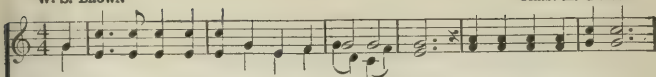
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

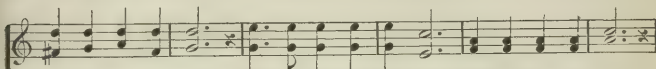
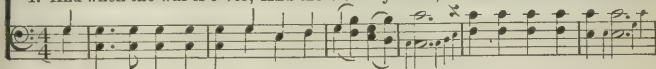
As a Volunteer

W. S. BROWN

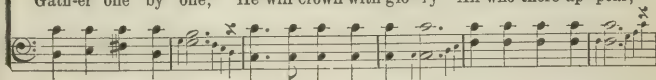
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



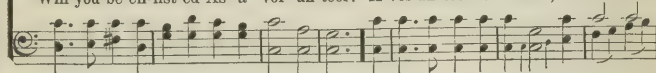
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
 Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
 Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
 Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



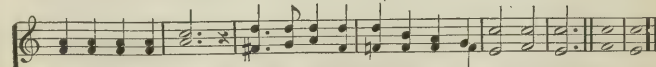
CHORUS.



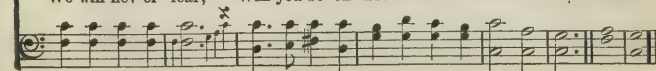
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier



true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
 O why not?



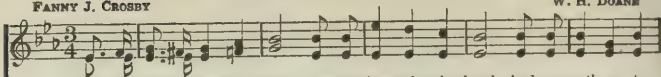
We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.



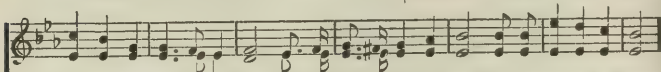
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

FANNY J. CROSBY

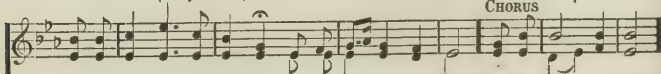
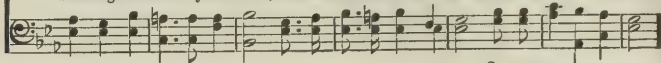
W. H. DOANE



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath-er to
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a ten-der com-
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav-ior who
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the blessings we're



Je - sus, our Savior and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share;
 pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev-'ry care;
 loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart He re-moves ev-'ry care;
 need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this trust we shall lose ev-'ry care;



CHORUS

What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer,



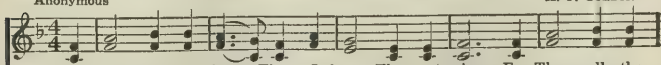
Bless-ed hour of prayer; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!



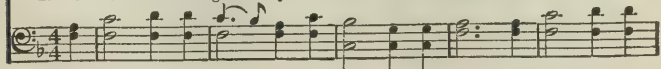
My Jesus, I Love Thee

Anonymous

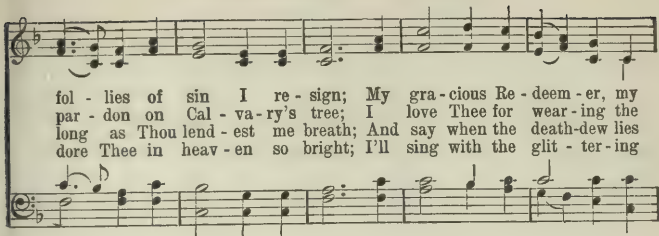
A. J. GORDON



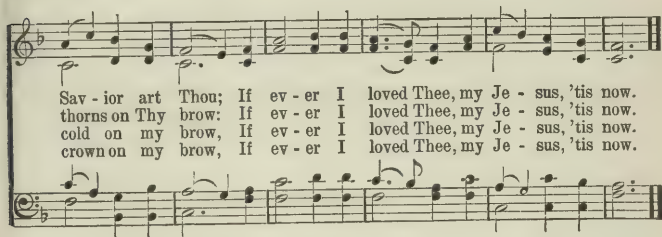
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-



My Jesus, I Love Thee



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

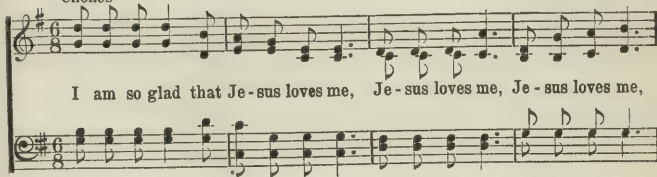
93

Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

CHORUS



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

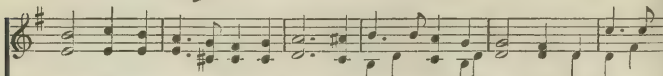
O Jesus, I Have Promised

JOHN E. BODE

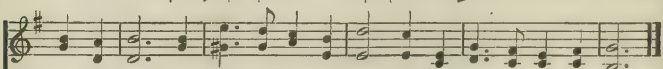
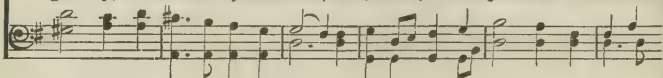
ARTHUR H. MANN



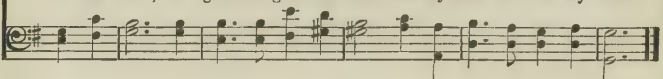
1. O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev-er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee, That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art
daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev-er near me, A-round me
glo-ry, There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee



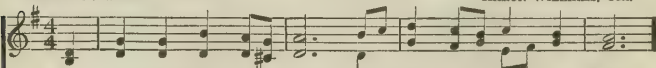
by my side, Nor wan-der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol-low My Mas-ter and my Friend.



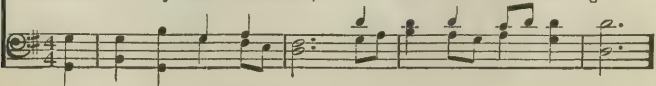
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

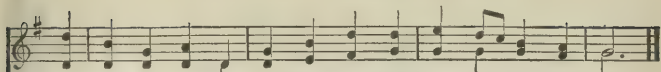
AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.



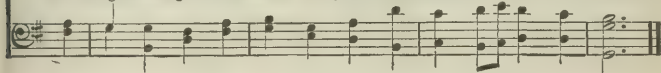
- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, | The house of | Thine a-bode, |
| 2. I love Thy Church, O God! | Her walls be-fore | Thee stand, |
| 3. For her my tears shall fall; | For her my | prayers as-cend; |
| 4. Be-yond my high-est joy | I prize her | heav'n-ly ways, |
| 5. Sare as Thy truth shall last, | To Zi-on | shall be giv'n |



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord



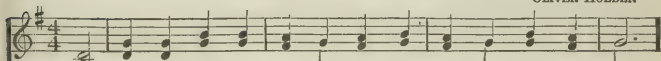
The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol- emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n.



96

All Hail the Power

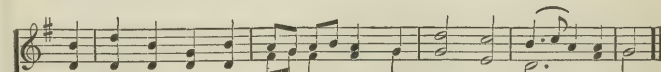
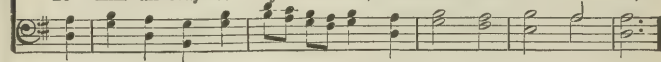
OLIVER HOLDEN



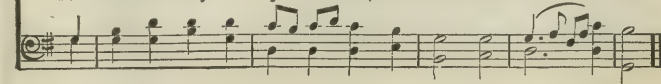
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!



MARY BROWN

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely some - where a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
 So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll an - swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

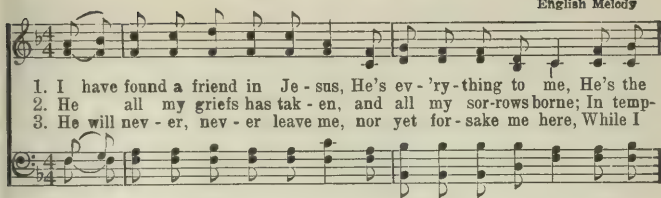
REFRAIN

D. S.

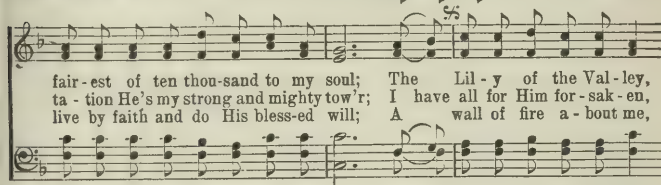
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

The Lily of the Valley

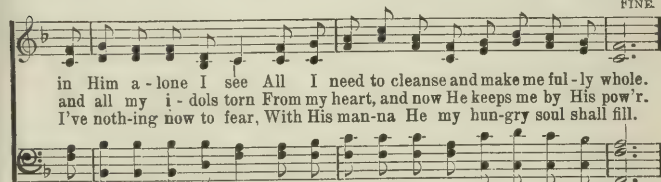
English Melody



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

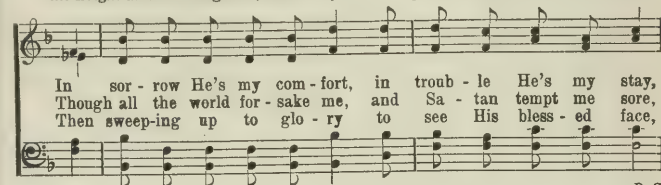


fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley,
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en,
 live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me,

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley,
FINE


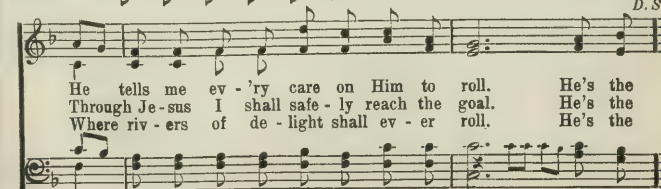
in Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
 and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill.

the Bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.



In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay,
 Though all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry to see His bless-ed face,

D. S.

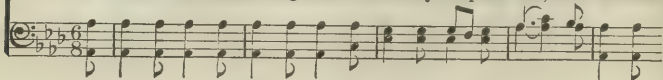


He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev - er roll. He's the

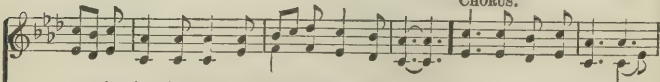
There is a Name I Love to Hear



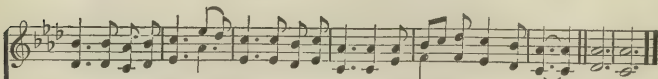
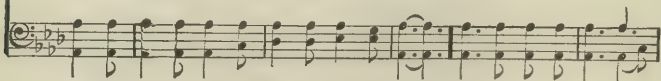
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each.



CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
 tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
 sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

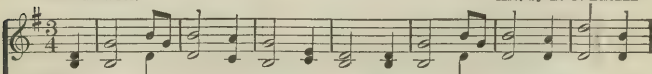


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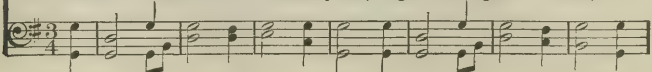
Amazing Grace

JOHN NEWTON

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



Amazing Grace

once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
 grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

101

Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF

GEO. C. STEBBINS

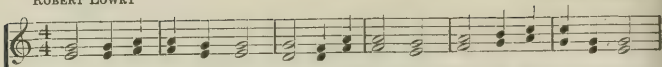
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;.. Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul;. Each tho't and each

al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil-dren;
 se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
 fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;.. In joy or in sor - row,
 mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;.. Thus led by His Spir - it


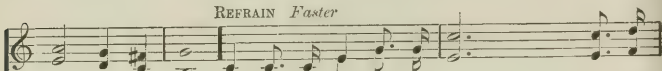
Help those who are weak; For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Like Him thou shalt be;.. Thy friends in thy con - duct His likeness shall see..
 Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 To foun - tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

ROBERT LOWRY

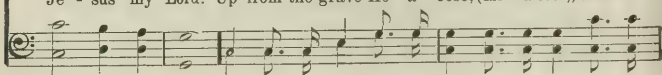
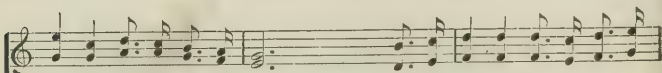
ROBERT LOWRY



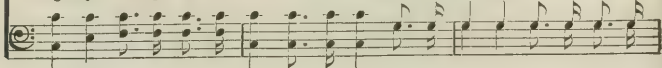

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the com - ing day —
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—


REFRAIN *Faster*


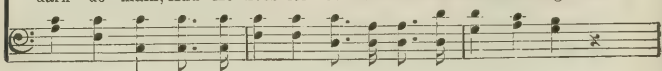

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a - rose,) With a

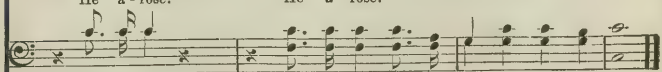
might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

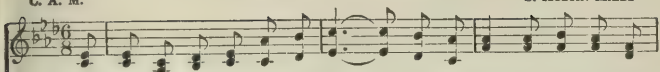



dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

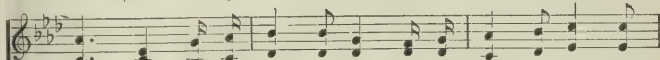



rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!





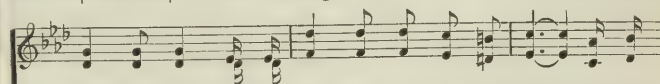
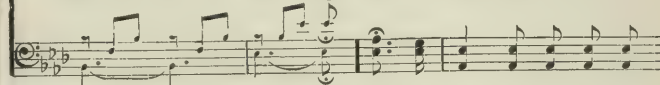
1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be



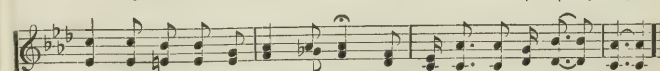
ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His



Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the



joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior. One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS

ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

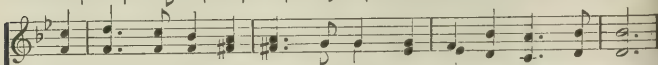
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi-on,

R. HEBER

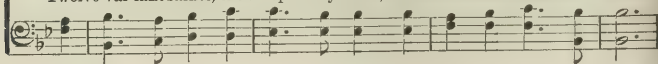
H. S. CUTLER



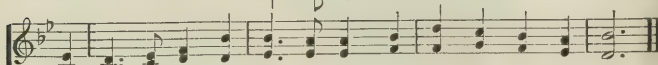
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. That mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
 3. A no-ble band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came;



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val-i-ant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-ph-ant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?

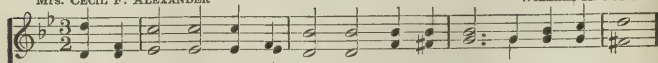


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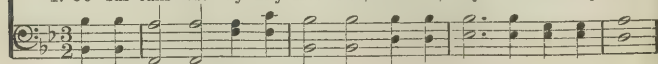
Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER

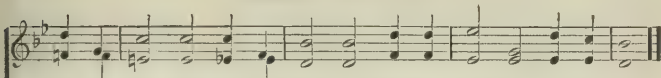
WILLIAM H. JUDE



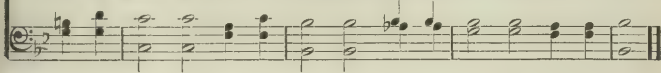
1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,



Jesus Calls Us



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

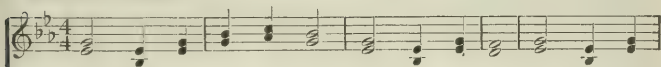


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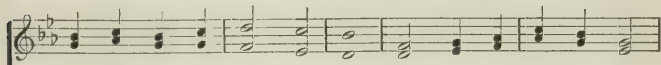
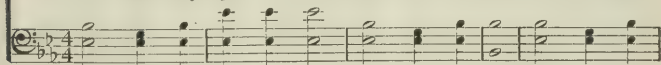
Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY

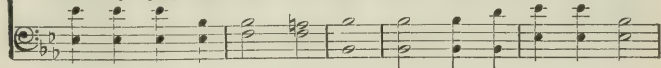
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



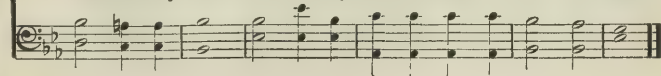
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed



I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With-in Thy Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord.



GEORGE MATHESON

A. L. PEACE

p

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
 2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick - ring
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

soul on Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
 heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
 hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sun - shine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

JOSIAH CONDER

G. HEWS

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:
 3. Day by day, with strength sup - plied Thro' the life of Him who died,

Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
 Lord of life, O let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built in Thee.

111

Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

GEORGE HEATH

LOWELL MASON

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; The
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

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Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY

SILAS J. VAIL

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee

REFRAIN

D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

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Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

J. E. GOULD

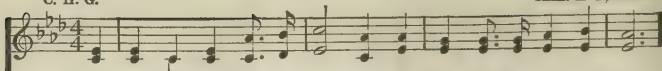
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

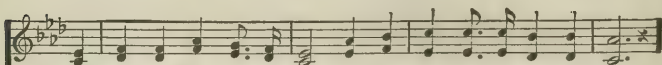
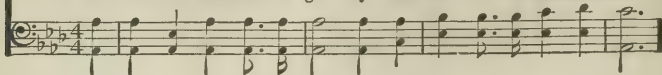
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

C. H. G.

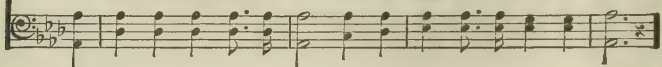
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



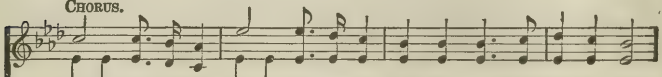
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



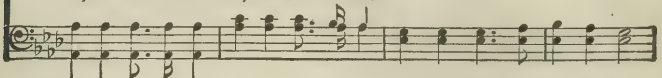
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



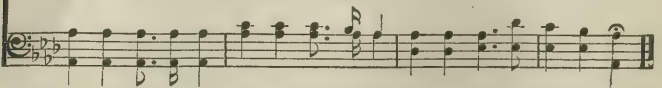
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - full! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - full!




How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - full Is my Sav - ior's love for me!
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - full

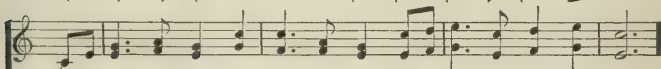


WILLIAM COWPER


LOWELL MASON




1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:



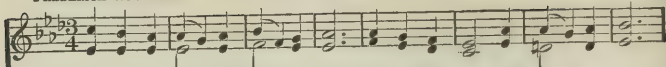
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When



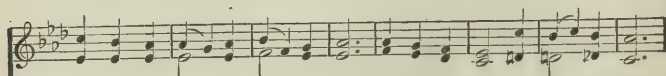
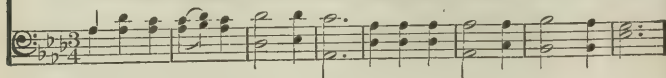
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

FREDERICK W. FABER

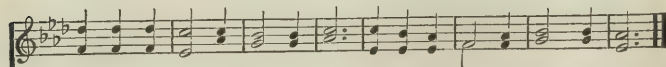
H. F. HEMY



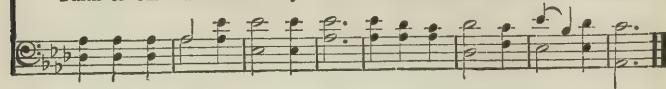
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glo-rious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

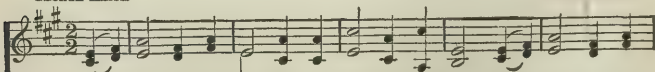


Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

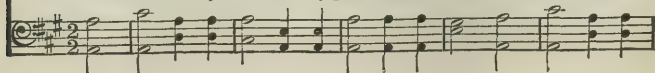


GEORGE KEITH

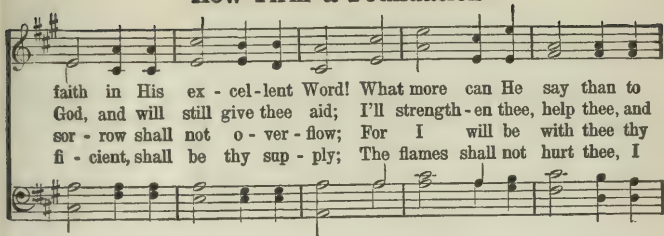
ANNE STEELE



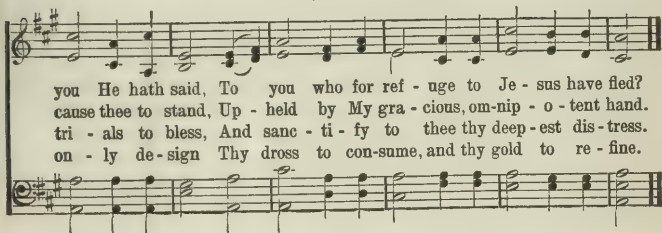
1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
 4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf -



How Firm a Foundation



faith in His ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I



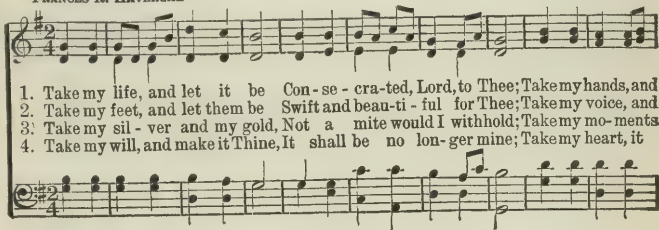
you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
 tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.

119

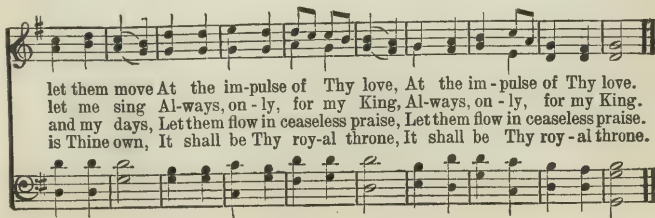
Take My Life, and Let It Be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

C. H. A. MALAN



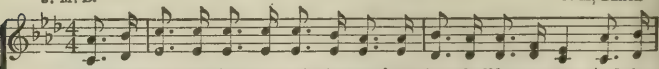
1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold; Take my mo-ments
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it

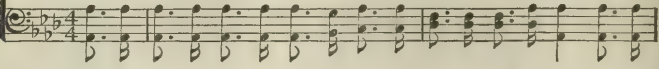


let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

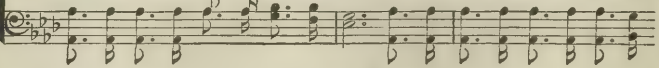
J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK

- 
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us

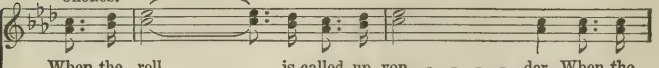


morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

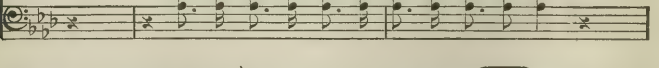


o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.



When the roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

121

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P.

GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas - ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will,... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
now,... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vinel..
see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

MARY B. C. SLADE

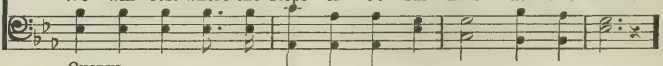
A. B. EVERETT



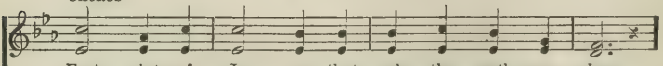
1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low Me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,



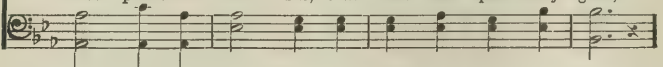
And we see where Thy foot-prints fall-ing Lead us to Thee.
 Or a-long by Si-lo-am's foun-tains, Help-ing the weak:
 Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
 We will rest where the steps of Je-sus End at His throne.



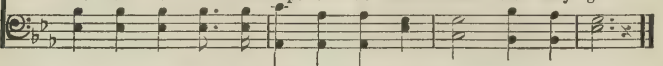
CHORUS



Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;

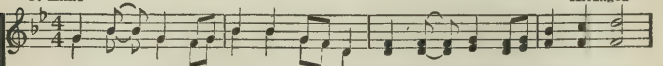


We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.

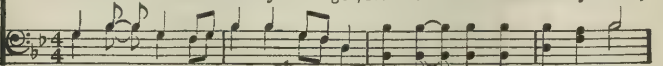


J. HART

Arranged



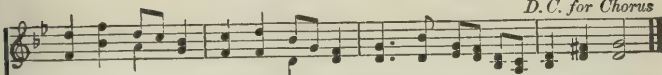
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

D. C. for Chorus



Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.



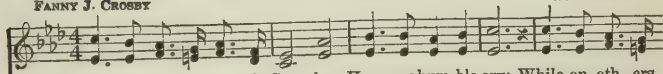
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

124

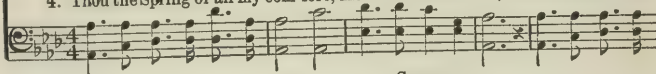
Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE



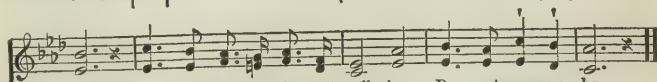
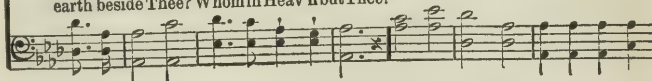
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



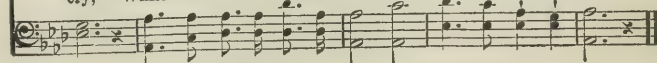
CHORUS



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.



125

Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

126

Revive Us Again

WM. P. MACKAY

JOHN J. HUSBAND

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav-ior, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-lé-
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

Revive Us Again

lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain!

127

0 Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED

J. CALVIN BUSHEY

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes against the light,
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

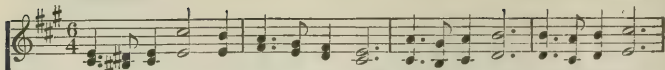
CHORUS

O 'why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

W. T. SLEEPER

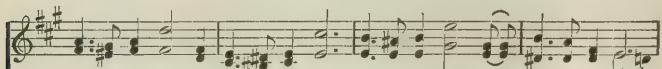
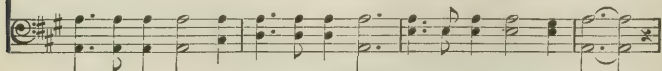
GEO. C. STEBBINS



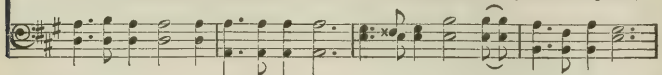
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



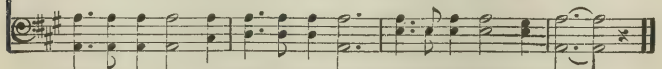
In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in - to rap-sures a - bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

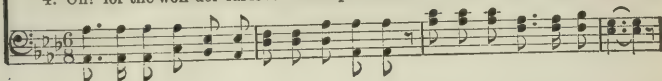


W. L. T.

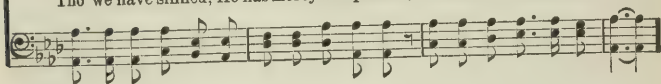
WILL L. THOMPSON

*Very slow pp**m*

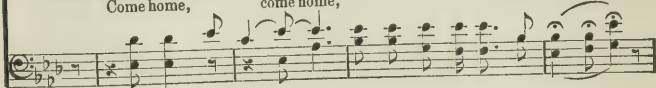
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



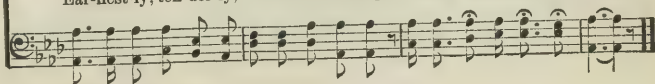
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death - beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS *m**cresc.*

Come home, . . . come home, Ye who are wear - y, come home; . . .
 Come home, come home,

*pp**ppp**rit.**pp*

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

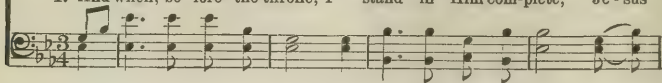


Mrs. H. M. HALL

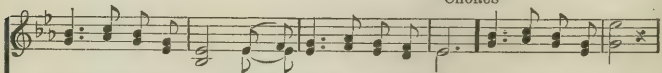
JOHN T. GRAPE



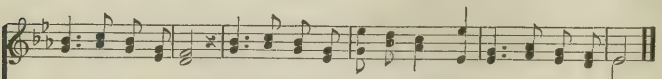
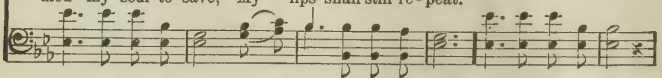
1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim - I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete, "Je - sus



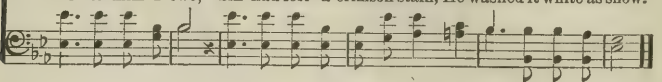
CHORUS



weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 wash my garments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.

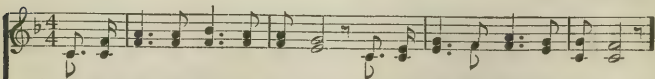


All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

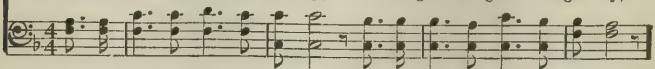


E. W. BLANDLY

J. S. NORRIS

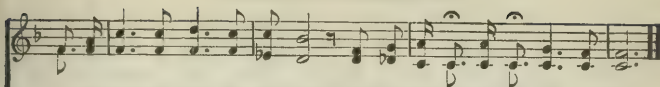


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

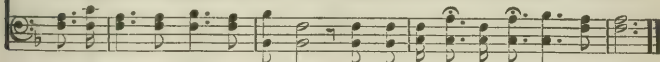


REF. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

Where He Leads Me



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



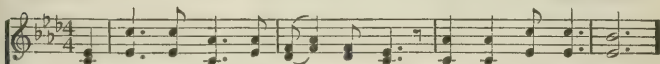
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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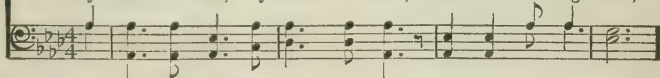
Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;



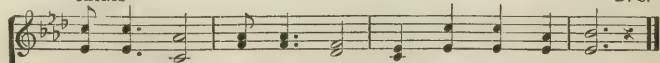
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.



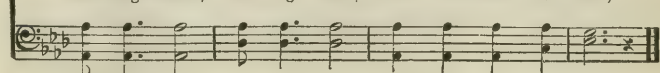
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS

D. S.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,



P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go Thy way. Some more con-ven-ient day. On... Thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O... wan-d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

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W. E. WITTER

H. R. PALMER

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 1. { While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { Are you too heav-y-la-den, Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { Je-sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!

Come, Sinner, Come

1 2

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*) Come, sin-ner, come!

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I Gave My Life For Thee

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

P. P. BLISS

6 8

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

f

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

Calling the Prodigal

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. God is call-ing the prod-i - gal, come without de - lay. Hear, O hear Him
 2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
 call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re - turn while the Spir-it in
 call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lol the ta - ble is spread and the
 for thee;

pres-ence, come to-day. Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . .
 mer - cy in - ter - ced- es, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . .
 feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)

CHORUS

Call - - - ing now for thee, O wea - - - ry
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

prod-i-gal, come; Call - - - ing now for thee,
 wea-ry prod-i - gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal

0 wea - ry prod-i - gal, come. wea - ry prod-i - gal, come.

Wea - ry prod-i - gal, come, wea - ry prod-i - gal, come.

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Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS

W. A. OGDEN

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS

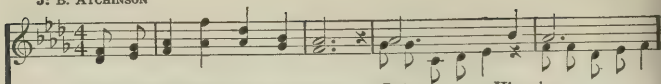
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

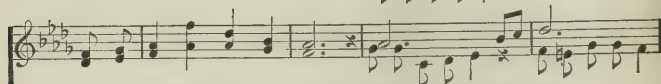
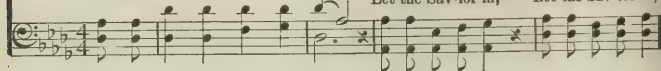
Let Him In

J. B. ATCHINSON

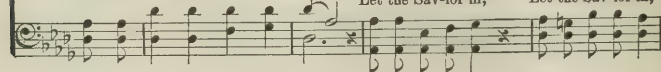
E. O. EXCELL



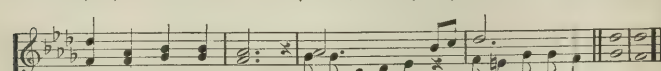
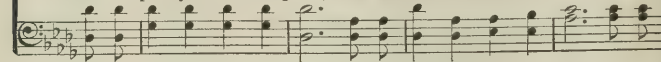
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



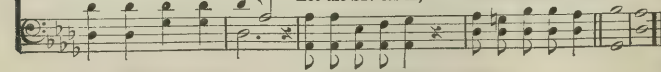
- He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



- Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will



- Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
 Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.



T. O. CHISHOLM

C. HAROLD LOWDEN

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do,
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace,
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name,
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile,

Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-hearted and free, This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
 Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call, Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all.
 Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
 Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem, Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

**CHORUS Unison. A little slower*

O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-

tone-ment, Didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My

heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

**Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.*

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D. W. C. HUNTINGTON

TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
 o - ver there. O - ver there,

there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
 O - ver there,

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Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way; Your

Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
 Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS

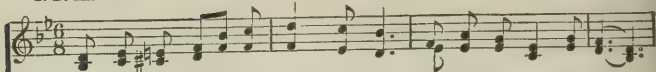
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

God Will Take Care of You

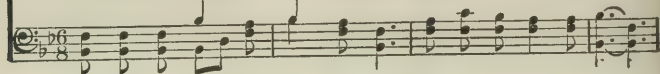
C. D. MARTIN

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

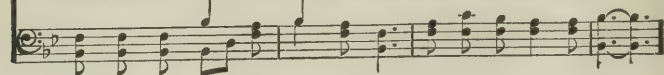
W. S. MARTIN



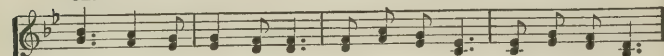
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



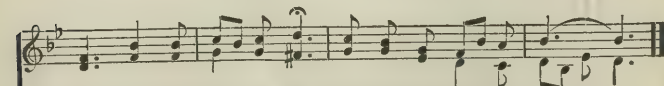
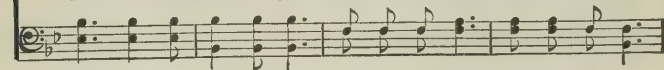
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS

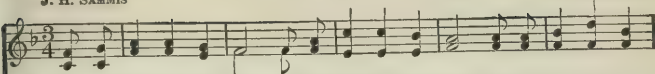


God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
 take care of you.





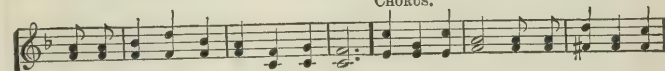
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - shipsweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



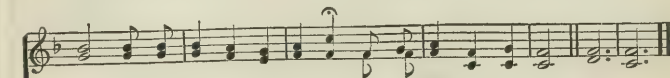
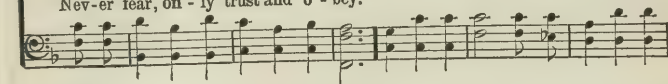
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—



CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey. A-MEN.



Only Trust Him

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest:
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now. }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit) save you now. }

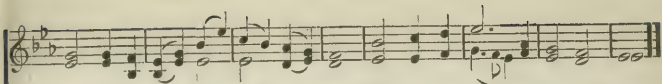
Jesus Shall Reign

ISAAC WATTS

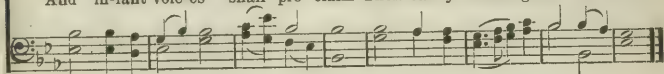
JOHN HATTON

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom - age at His feet;
 3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,

Jesus Shall Reign



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em-pires own their Lord, And savage tribes at-tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.

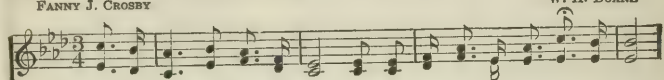


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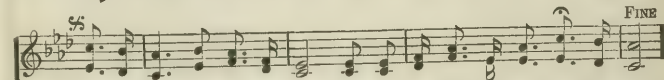
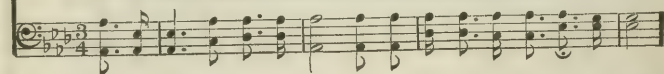
Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY

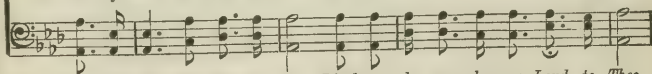
W. H. DOANE



1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

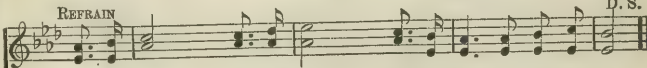


Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

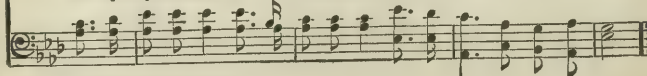


D. S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clo-ser, clo-ser, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



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Into My Heart

H. D. C.

HARRY D. CLARKE

Sing prayerfully

Two staves of music in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Two staves of music in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

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Love Opened Wide the Door

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY

B. D. ACKLEY

Two staves of music in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Love o-pened wide the door for me, Re-stored my soul, and set me free; His

Two staves of music in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: life He free-ly gave, my life to save, 'Twas Love that opened wide the door for me.

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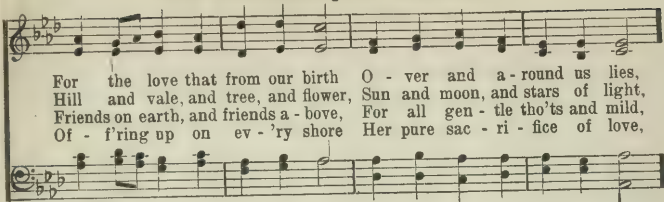
For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT

Arranged from CONRAD KOCHER

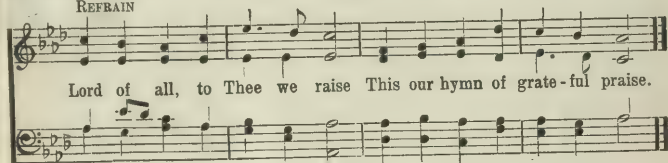
Two staves of music in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies.
2. For the won-der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev - er - more Lift-eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the Beauty of the Earth



For the love that from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree, and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle tho'ts and mild,
 Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

REFRAIN



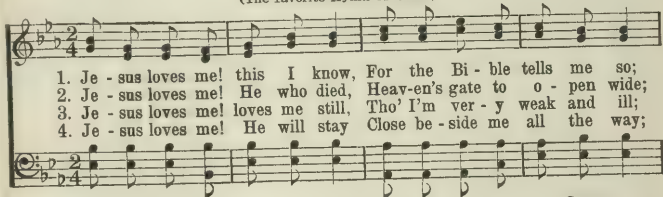
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

150

Jesus Loves Me

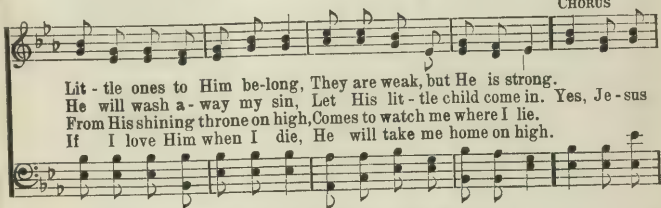
(The favorite Hymn of China)

WM. B. BRADBURY

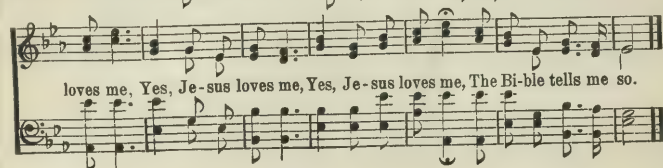


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

CHORUS



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

He Loves Me

C. A. M.

CHORUS

C. A. MILES

O He loves me, yes, He loves me, No matter where I be, My Savior still loves me;

O He loves me, yes, He loves me, And He died on the cross for me.

Copyright, 1909, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by permission

152

Only Believe

P. R.

PAUL RADER

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

Copyright, 1921, by Paul Rader

153

Tread Softly

FANNY J. CROSBY

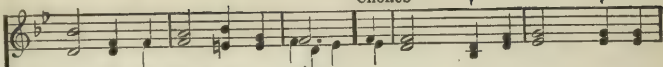
W. H. DOANE

*Gently**p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard, Be si - lent, and
 2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place, This al - tar that
 3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our prayer, A fore - taste of
 4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord, Be si - lent, be

Tread Softly

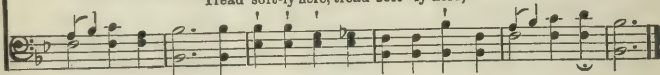
CHORUS



lis - ten, O treas - ure each word!
 ech - oes The mes - sage of grace. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
 E - den This mo - ment we share.
 si - lent And wait on the Lord. Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



Mas - ter is here, Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,



154

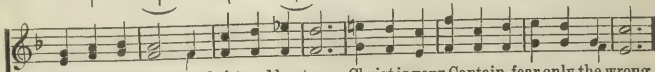
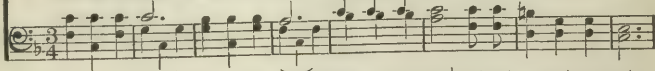
Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True

W. J. ROOPER

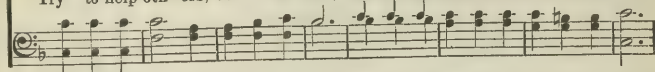
DUNCAN HUME



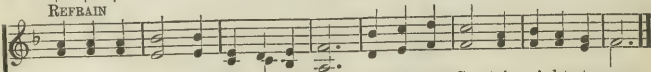
1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa - ther, He watches o'er you;
3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you courage to car - ry you thro';



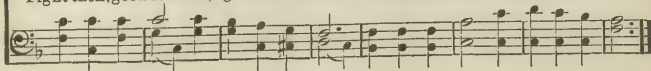
Fight with sin bravely, fight and be strong, Christ is your Captain, fear only the wrong.
 He knows your trials; when your heart quails, Call Him to rescue—His grace never fails.
 Try to help oth - ers, ev - er be kind, Let the opprest a strong friend in you find.



REFRAIN

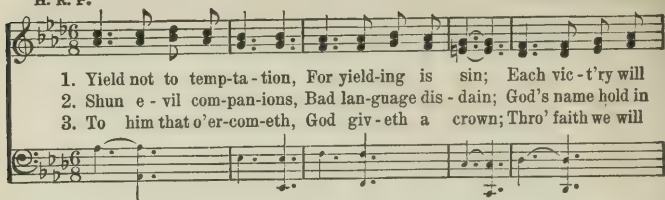


Fight then, good soldiers, fight and be brave; Christ is your Cap - tain, mighty to save.

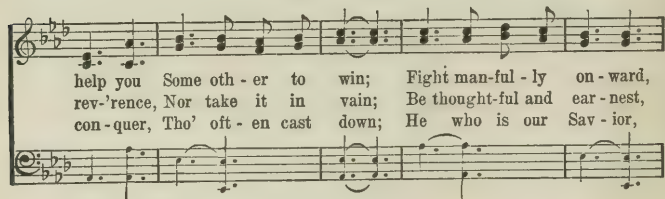


H. R. P.

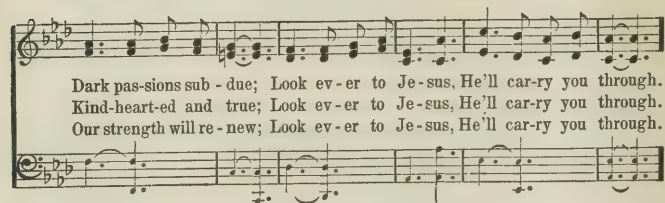
Dr. H. R. PALMER



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

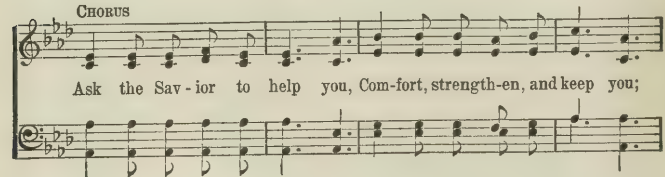


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev'-rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

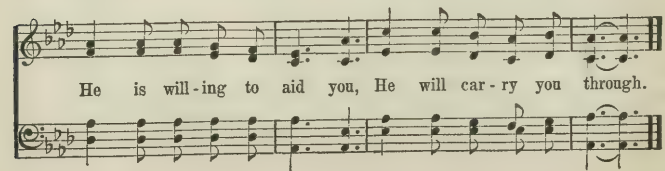


Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;



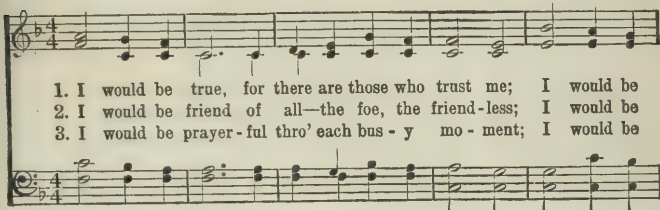
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

I Would Be True

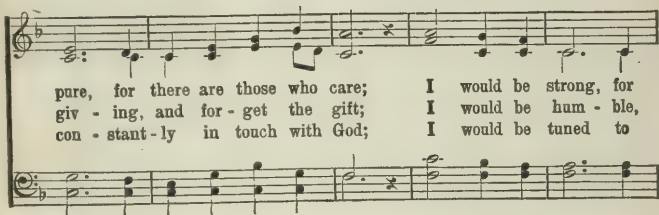
HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

Peek. 11, 10, 11, 10.

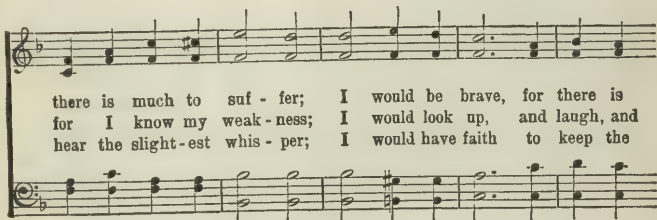
JOSEPH YATES PEEK



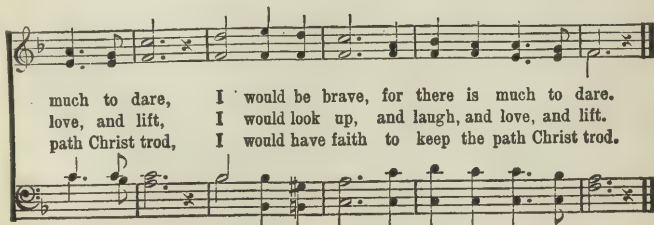
1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be
 3. I would be prayer-ful thro' each bus-y mo-ment; I would be



pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
 giv-ing, and for-get the gift; I would be hum-ble,
 con-stant-ly in touch with God; I would be tuned to



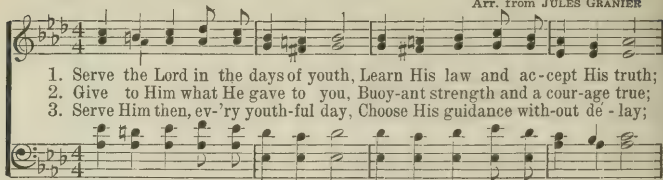
there is much to suf-fer; I would be brave, for there is
 for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and
 hear the slight-est whis-per; I would have faith to keep the



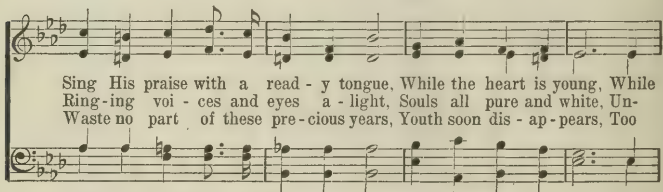
much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.
 path Christ trod, I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

Serve the Lord in Youth

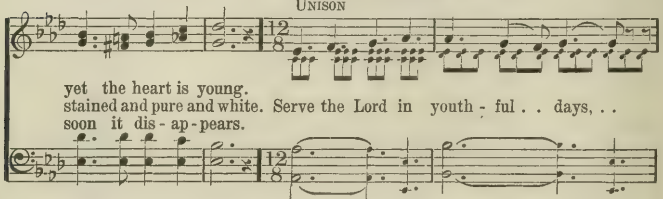
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

J. LINCOLN HALL
Arr. from JULES GRANIER


1. Serve the Lord in the days of youth, Learn His law and accept His truth;
2. Give to Him what He gave to you, Buoy-ant strength and a cour-age true;
3. Serve Him then, ev-'ry youth-ful day, Choose His guidance with-out de-lay;



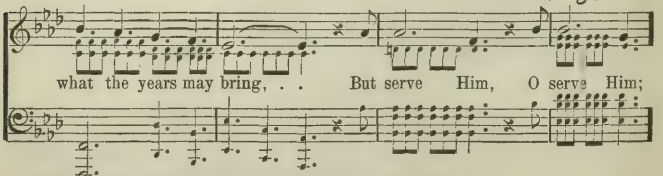
Sing His praise with a read-y tongue, While the heart is young, While
Ring-ing voi-ces and eyes a-light, Souls all pure and white, Un-
Waste no part of these pre-cious years, Youth soon dis-ap-pears, Too

CHORUS (Arr. from Jules Granier)
UNISON


yet the heart is young.
stained and pure and white. Serve the Lord in youth-ful . . days, . .
soon it dis-ap-pears.



Do His will and walk His ways, Wait not for



what the years may bring, . . But serve Him, O serve Him;

Serve the Lord in Youth

PARTS

While life is like the spring, O serve the Lord and King.

158

Beautiful River

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 2. On the bos-om of the riv-er, Where the Sav-ior-King we own,
 3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We shall meet, and sor-row nev-er, 'Neath the glo-ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will qui-ver With the mel-o-dy of peace.

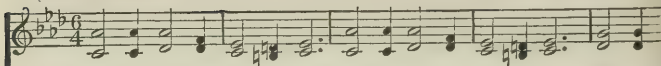
CHORUS

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,

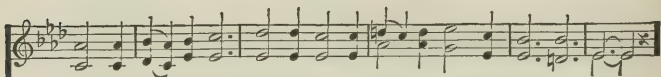
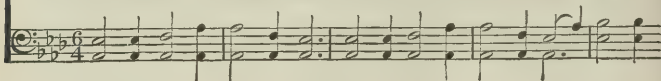
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

MARY A. LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



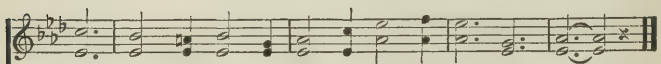
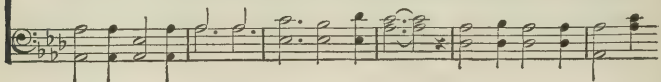
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end.



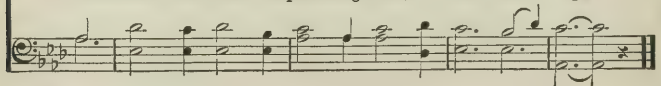
REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of



Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high!



Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

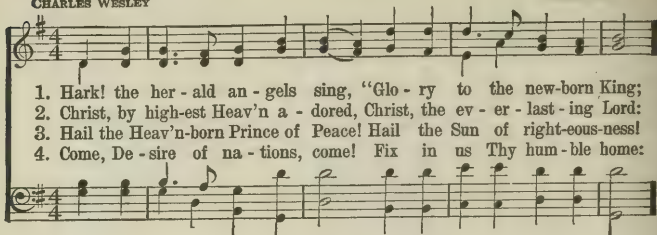
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness,

And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
 1. And Heav'n and na - ture sing,..... And

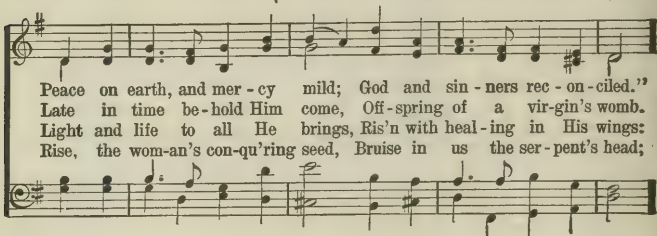
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
 Heav'n and na - ture sing,

CHARLES WESLEY

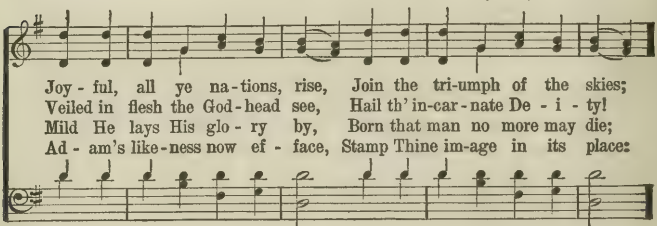
MENDELSSOHN



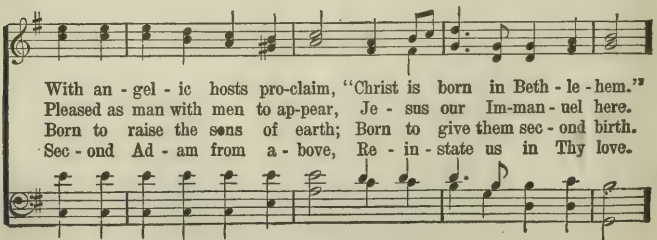
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
 3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
 4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
 Rise, the wom - an's con - qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:



With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 Pleased as man with men to ap - pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

162

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tr. by FREDERICK OAKELEY

WADE'S Cantus Diversi

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him
 sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther,

REFRAIN

born the King of an - gels;
 glo - ry in the high - est; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
 now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

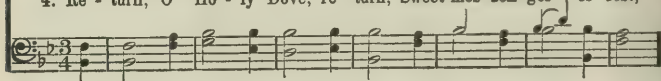
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - MEN.

WILLIAM COWPER

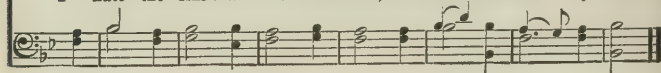
R. SIMPSON



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace-ful hours I then en-joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;



A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.



MARY A. THOMSON

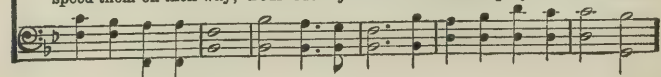
JAMES WALCH



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

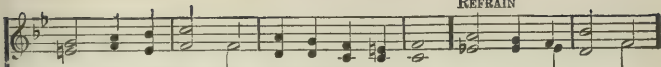


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
 live and move is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;

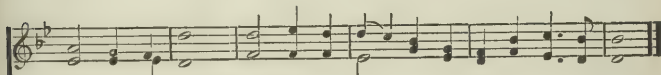


O Zion, Haste

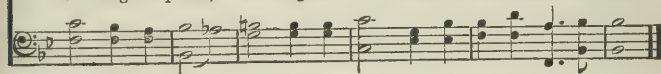
REFRAIN



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.



Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.



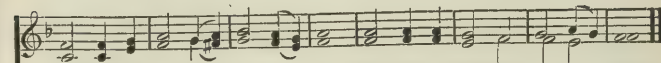
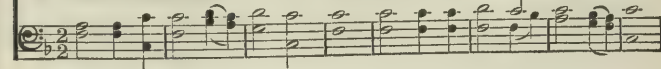
165 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS

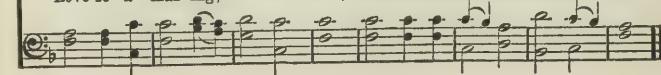
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
 2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i - ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
 cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
 oth - ers I would show; More self-de-ni - al, like His in Gal - i - lee,

rit. CHORUS.
 More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. Take Thou my
 More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
 More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. Take my heart, O

heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
 take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
 make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master

plore, . . Wash me and keep . . . me Thine for-ev - er - more.
now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.

167

Glory to His Name

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.

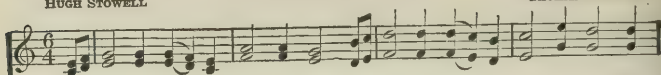
CHORUS

D. S.

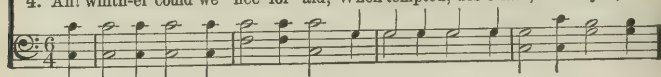
Glo - ry to His name, . . . Glo - ry to His name; . . .

HUGH STOWELL

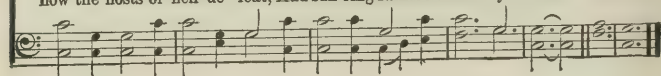
THOMAS HASTINGS



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes; There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or



is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
 sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A - MEN.

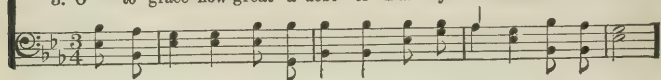


ROBERT ROBINSON

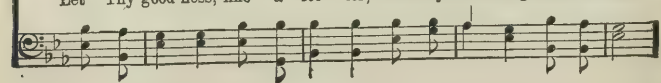
JOHN WYETH



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



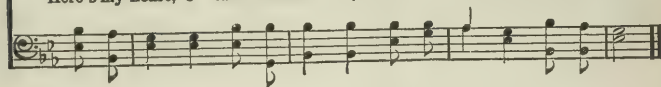
Come, Thou Fount



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.



170

America

S. F. SMITH

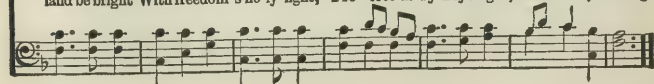
English



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

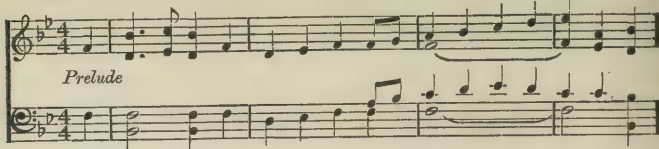


fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

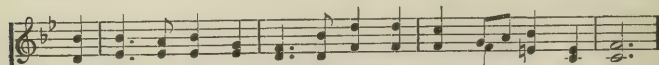


Bishop JOSEPH F. BERRY

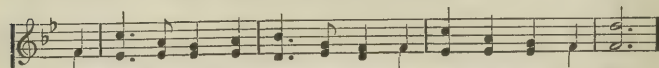
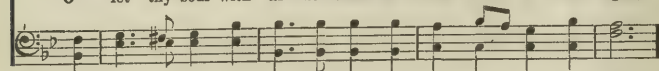
Dr. S. B. JACKSON



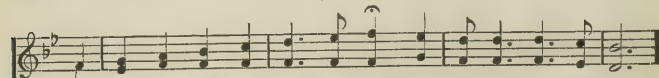
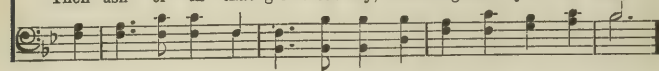
1. A - wake, O Chris-tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call!
2. 'Mid deep - est gloom and dark - est night He lifts his help - less hands;
3. O save the lost, the sin - ner turn! To blind men send the light!



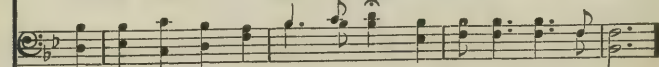
He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark-est shad - ows fall.
 Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru - el bands?
 O let thy soul with ar - dor burn To lead them to the right;



From sin and guilt and wretch-ed - ness He knows not where to flee;
 Then send, O send the Mas - ter's Word A - cross the wide blue sea,
 Then ush - er in that glo - rious day, The king - dom yet to be,



Go tell him how the Lord can bless! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 Where Mac-e - do - nia's cry is heard! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
 When all shall own the Mas - ter's sway! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

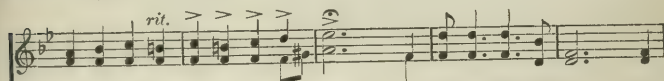
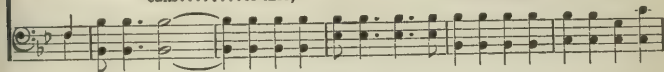


Thy Brother Calls to Thee

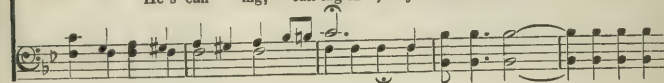
CHORUS



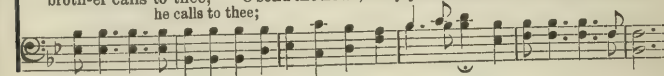
Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy broth-er calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls.....to thee, he calls to thee;



cross the sea He's calling, call-ing thee; Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy
He's call - ing, call-ing thee; Thy broth-er calls.....to thee,



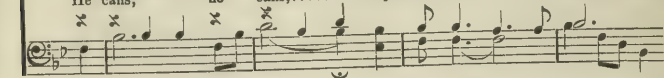
broth-er calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee.
he calls to thee;



CODA. After last verse only.



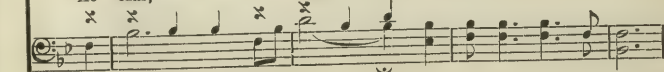
He calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee;
He calls, he calls,..... Thy broth-er..... calls to thee;



Chorus may be repeated pp.

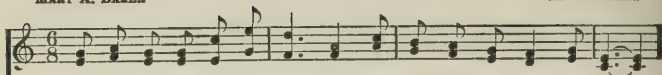


He calls, he calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee.
He calls, he calls,.....

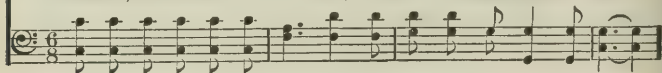


MARY A. BAKER

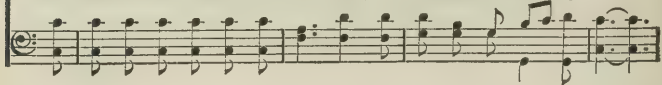
H. R. PALMER



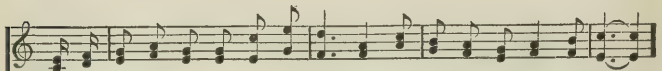
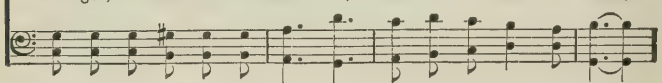
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



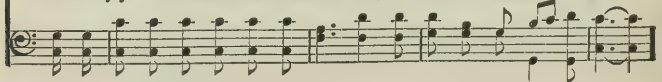
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak - en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad - ly is threat - ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol!
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



Peace! Be Still!

REFRAIN

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will; Peace, . . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!"

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres *cres*

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

do *ff*

o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey My will; Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

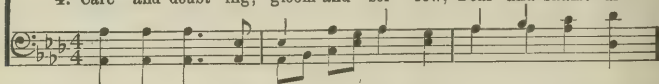
Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
and GIPSY SMITH

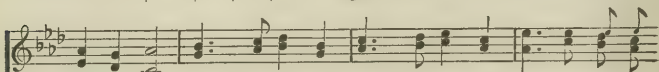
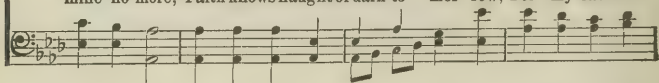
Arr. from Welsh by
E. EDWIN YOUNG



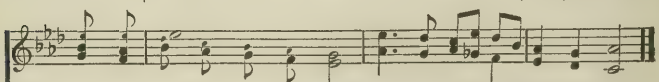
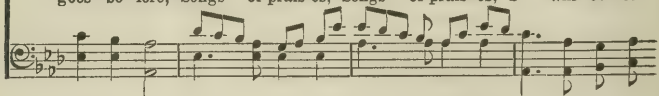
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are



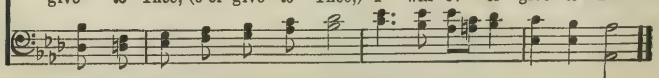
bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy
wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my
fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - ior



pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my
Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er
goes be - fore; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er



want no more; (I want no more;) Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; (my strength and shield;) Be Thou still my strength and shield.
give to Thee; (e'er give to Thee;) I will ev - er give to Thee.
give to Thee; (e'er give to Thee;) I will ev - er give to Thee.



RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 1

I WAS GLAD

Psalm 122; 95: 1, 2, 3, 6

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

Selection 2

GRACE AND GLORY

Psalm 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God!

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our Shield! and look upon the face of thine Anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield.

O Lord of hosts! blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 3

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

Psalm 24; Revelation 19:6

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Selection 4

THE EXCELLENT NAME

Psalm 8; 1 John 3:2, 3

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be:

But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him:

For we shall see him as he is.

And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Selection 5

THE CREATION

Genesis 1 and 2; John 1:1-4, 9, 14

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, let there be light; and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the

earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life. I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 6

THE SECRET PLACE

Psalm 91: 1-6, 9-12, 14-16

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Selection 7

THE LORD MY STRENGTH

Psalm 27: 1-7, 14

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:

In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy,

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice;

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 8

ANSWERED PRAYER

Psalm 116

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord: I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

Selection 9

THE SINS OF YOUTH

Psalm 25:1-12, 14

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 10

THE GODLY MAN

Psalms 1; 15

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 11

FRET NOT THYSELF

Psalms 37: 1-11

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 12

JUSTIFIED BY FAITH

Romans 5:1-12; John 3:16; Romans
8:31-35, 37-39

Therefore being justified by faith,
we have peace with God through our
Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by
faith into this grace wherein we
stand, and rejoice in hope of the
glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in
tribulations also: knowing that
tribulation worketh patience;

And patience, experience; and ex-
perience, hope:

And hope maketh not ashamed:
because the love of God is shed
abroad in our hearts by the Holy
Ghost, which is given unto us.

For when we were yet without
strength, in due time Christ died for
the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man
will one die: yet peradventure for a
good man some would even dare to
die.

But God commendeth his love
toward us, in that, while we were
yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now justi-
fied by his blood, we shall be saved
from wrath through him.

For if, when we were enemies,
we were reconciled to God by the
death of his Son, much more, being
reconciled, we shall be saved by his
life.

And not only so, but we also joy
in God through our Lord Jesus

Christ, by whom we have now re-
ceived the atonement.

As by one man sin entered into
the world, and death by sin; so death
passed upon all men, for that all
have sinned.

God so loved the world, that he
gave his only begotten Son, that
whosoever believeth in him should
not perish, but have everlasting life.

What shall we then say to these
things? If God be for us, who can
be against us?

He that spared not his own Son,
but delivered him up for us all, how
shall he not with him also freely
give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the
charge of God's elect? It is God that
justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth? It is
Christ that died, yea rather, that is
risen again, who is even at the right
hand of God, who also maketh inter-
cession for us.

Who shall separate us from the
love of Christ? shall tribulation,
or distress, or persecution, or famine,
or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are
more than conquerors through him
that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither
death, nor life, nor angels, nor
principalities, nor powers, nor things
present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any
other creature, shall be able to sepa-
rate us from the love of God, which
is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Selection 13

HEALED BY HIS STRIPES

Isaiah 53; Hebrews 2:9; 4:14-16

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Doxology

THOMAS KEN

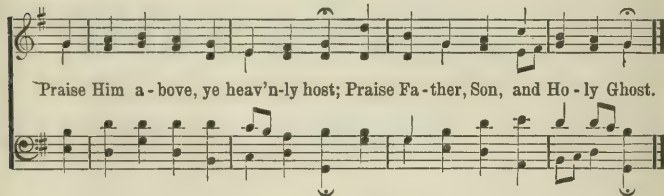
Genevan Psalter



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.



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